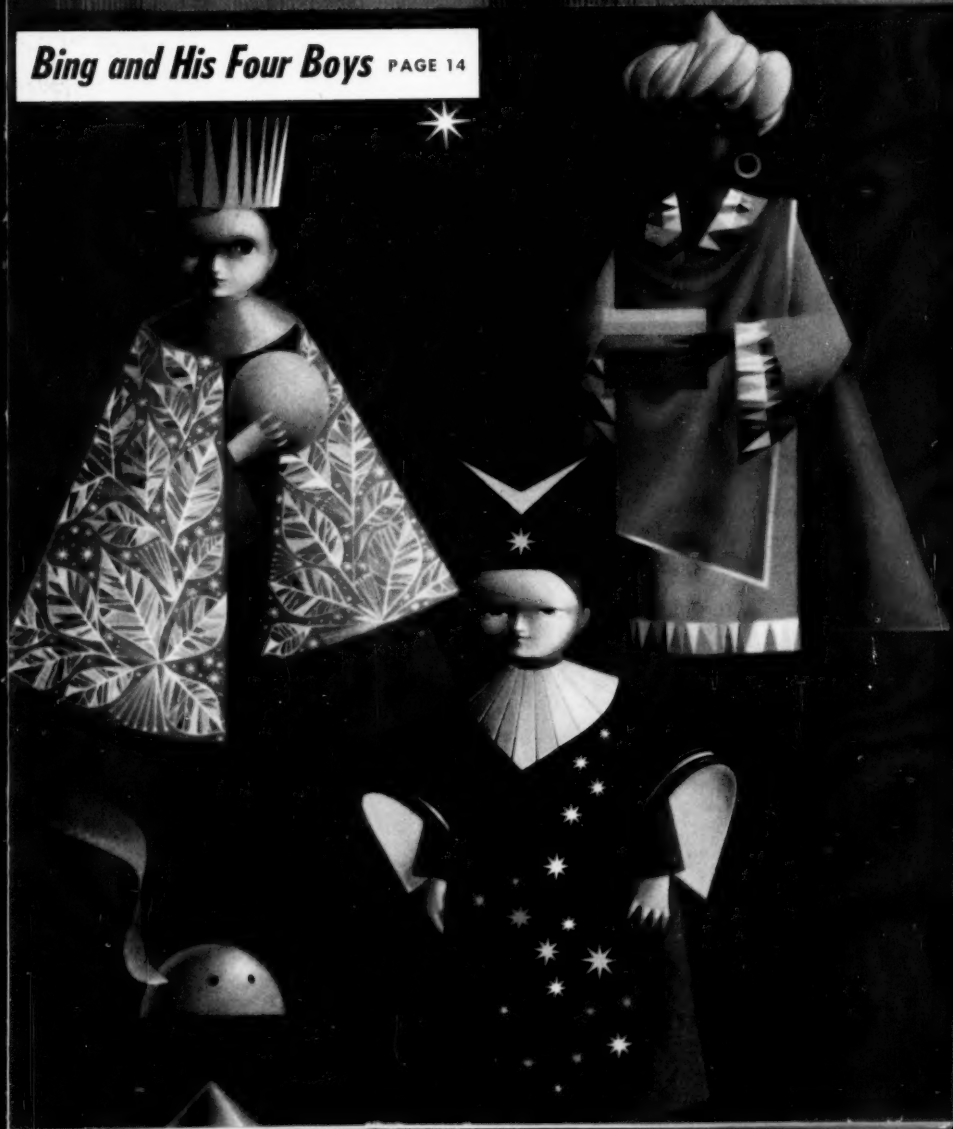


Catholic Digest

JANUARY 1955

35¢

Bing and His Four Boys PAGE 14



Catholic Digest

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ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.
FRANCE: Ecclesia-Digeste Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV; Familial Digest-Digeste Catholique, 81 rue de Fleurus, Paris VI.

BELGIUM: Katholiek Digest, Ecclesia, and Familial Digest, 40 Boulevard de Jodoigne, Louvain.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Visier, 4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

LATIN AMERICA AND SPAIN: Le Major del Catholic Digest, 44 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

BRILLE EDITION: National Braille Press, 86 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15, \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to the addressee given, not to the St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1964 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.



Christ Is Come!

*And His enemies know Him as God better than some
who call themselves His friends*

By ✠ FULTON J. SHEEN

Condensed from *Collier's**

HISTORY IS full of men who said that they were gods or bore a message from God. There were Buddha, Mohammed, Christ, Socrates, Laotzu and thousands of others, including the man who recently founded a new religion in Los Angeles, and each has a right to be heard. But there must be tests to decide whether their claims are justified. The tests, available to all men, all civilizations and all ages, are two: reason and history.

Our reason tells us that if any of the claimants came from God, the least that God could do to support His representative's claim would be to preannounce His coming. If God is sending anyone to mankind, He owes it to us to let us know when the messenger is coming, where he will be born, where he will live, the doc-

trine he will teach, the enemies he will make, the program he will adopt for the future, and the manner of his death. By the messenger's conformity with these announcements, we could judge him. Reason further tells us that if God does not do this, then there is nothing to prevent any fool from appearing in history and saying, "I am from God," or, "An angel appeared to me in the desert and gave me this message." There is no test for such a messenger. We have just his word for it, and he could be suffering a delusion.

If a visitor from a foreign country came to Washington and said that he was a diplomat, we would ask to see his passport and credentials. The papers would have to ante-date his coming. If we ask for such proofs of identity from diplomats we certainly ought to



*640 5th Ave., New York City 19, Dec. 25, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

do so in the all-important field of religion, asking, "What record is there before you were born that you were coming?"

With this test in mind, let us line up the claimants. Include anyone you please, for at the moment we are regarding Christ as no greater than any of them. We now address them: "Socrates, did anyone know you were coming?" "Buddha, did anyone ever preannounce you and your message, and predict that one day you would sit under the Buddha tree?" "Mohammed, was the place of your birth recorded and given to men centuries before, so that when you did come men would know you were a messenger from God?" "Christ, did anyone know of your coming, the circumstances of your life, where you would live?"

All are silent—but one. There were no predictions about Buddha, Mohammed or anyone else—except Christ. Others just came and said: "Here I am, believe me." Christ alone steps out of the line and answers: "My coming was foretold, even to the smallest detail."

He tells us to search the writings of the Jewish people and the correlated history of the Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. The person of Christ, in passing this test of reason and history, speaks: "About 2,000 years before I was born, there appeared a man, Abraham, as the head of the people in whom 'all the nations of the earth

would be blessed.' About 2,000 years before I was born, it was foretold that He who would be born among the people of Abraham would be also the 'expected of the nations,' that is, of the Gentiles as well as the Jews. About 700 years before I was born, it was foretold that I would be born in Bethlehem, and that even though born in time, I already had an eternal birth.

"Not only was my birthplace foretold, but it was foretold about 700 years before my birth that I would be born of a virgin! 'A virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel.' About 700 years before I was born, it was foretold that the kings of the East would bring gold and frankincense and myrrh; that I would sojourn in Egypt; and that I would live in Nazareth. About 600 years before I was born, it was foretold that I would come within a set period after Cyrus gave out the order for rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. About 500 years before I was born, it was foretold that my name would be Jesus, or Saviour.

"Even the details of my character were preannounced, namely, that I would be kind, console the afflicted, be rejected by my own people. The details of my death were foretold: centuries before, it was prophesied that there would be wounds in my hands and feet, that my enemies would shake dice for my garments, and yet that in put-

ting Me to death they would not break a bone of my body. A thousand years before, it was foretold that at my death I would be given vinegar and gall in my thirst.

"Six centuries before my birth, it was preannounced that I would ascend into heaven. So many predictions were made concerning Me that, at the time of my coming, the ancient synagogues collected 456 distinct prophecies. And it was not only the people of Israel who expected Me; it was all the peoples of the world."

We turn now to pagan testimony. Tacitus, the Roman historian, says, "People were generally persuaded in the faith of the ancient prophecies that the East was to prevail and that from Judea was to come the master and ruler of the world."

The Roman Suetonius wrote, "It was an old and constant belief throughout the East that, by indubitably certain prophecies, the Jews were to attain the highest power." China had the same expectation, but, because it was on the other side of the world, believed that the great Wise Man would be born in the West. The Annals of the Celestial Empire state: "In the 24th year of Chao-Wang of the dynasty of the Chou, on the 8th day of the 4th moon, a light appeared in the Southwest which illumined the king's palace. The monarch, struck by its splendor, interrogated the sages. They showed him books in

which this prodigy signified the appearance of the great Saint of the West whose religion was to be introduced into their country."

The Greeks expected Him, for Aeschylus, in his *Prometheus*, six centuries before Christ's coming, wrote, "Look not for any end moreover to this curse until God appears to accept upon His head the pangs of thy own sins vicarious."

How did the Magi of the East know of the Saviour's coming, if it were not from the many prophecies circulated through the world by the Jews? Most probably it was through the prophecy made to the Persians by Daniel more than 500 years before Christ's birth.

Christ was expected. This fact distinguishes Christ from all other religious leaders.

So much for reason. As for history, Christ hit history with such an impact that He split it in two. He divided it into the period previous to His coming and the period after His coming. Buddha did not do this, nor did any of the Indian philosophers. Even those who deny God must date their attacks upon Him in A.D. (*anno Domini*), so many years after His coming.

The third fact which separates Jesus from all others is this. Every other person who came into this world came into it to live. He came into it to die. Death was a stumbling block to Socrates: it interrupted his teaching. But to Christ, death was the goal of His life, the

goal that He was seeking. Few of His words or actions are intelligible, unless we keep in mind His cross. He presented Himself as a Saviour rather than a Teacher. It meant nothing to teach men to be good unless He gave them the power to be good after rescuing them.

A fourth fact about Christ is that, unlike other world teachers, He cannot be dismissed as just a *good man*. Christ said that He was the Son of the Living God, the Word of God in the flesh. If He is not, then He is the greatest deceiver who ever lived, and certainly not a *good man*.

He would have us either worship Him or despise Him—despise Him as a mere man or worship Him as true God and true Man. That is the alternative He presents. It may very well be that the communists, who are so anti-Christ, are closer to Him than those who see Him as a sentimentalist and a vague

moral reformer. The communists have at least decided that if He wins, they lose; others are afraid to consider Him either as winning or losing because they are not prepared to meet the moral demands which He requires of the soul.

If He is what He claimed to be, a Saviour, a Redeemer, then we have a virile Christ for these days, Someone who will step into the breach of death and sin and gloom and despair, a Leader to whom we can make total sacrifice and whom we can love even unto death. We need a Christ today whose voice will be like the voice of the raging sea and who will not allow us to pick and choose among His words, discarding what we do not like and accepting what pleases our fancy. We need a Christ who will restore moral indignation and will make us hate evil with a passionate intensity and love goodness to a point where we will drink death like water.

She Said All the Mysteries

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Patty usually finished her Rosary in about 20 minutes and then went quietly to bed. Her mother and father were somewhat surprised on returning home after a movie one night to note the baby sitter's concern.

"I thought she'd never get to bed," the teen-ager explained. "When I said I wasn't a Catholic, she very carefully explained all about her Rosary. She told how she always went to her room and said it before she went to bed. Naturally I didn't want to disturb her, although she did seem a little noisy at times."

The sitter's eyes gazed at the mother in evident respect. "My," she said, "you Catholics certainly pray a long time. Do you know it took 2 hours and 35 minutes before she finally got to bed!"

Don Anderson.

A strategist pleads for more imagination

True Horrors of Nuclear War

By THOMAS R. PHILLIPS

Condensed from the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists**

Brigadier General Phillips, U.S.A., Ret., is military analyst of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE NEXT war will be totally different from any war ever fought before. It will be won by the side that wins the first, critical battle of the air. You've heard that before, you say? This time it's true.

Atomic and hydrogen weapons have caused three revolutions in warfare in the last nine years, making every previous system of strategy obsolete.

The first revolution was marked by the two "model-T" atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. Those bombs brought our war against the Japanese to an unexpectedly speedy end. More than that, they meant that our air force had sufficient explosive power to fly over old-style battle lines and defeat an enemy by destroying absolutely his capacity to make war.

One distinguished air-force general had declared early in the last war that if he could drop 140,000 tons of bombs on Germany, the war would be won. But the general proved to be wrong. Neither Ger-

many nor Japan were brought to their knees by massive bombing with conventional explosives, although 1.4 million tons of TNT were dropped on Germany alone. Actually, German military production *increased* until the last quarter of 1944, when Allied armies reached German soil.

The reason was simple: many of the bombs missed their targets, and such damage as was done could be repaired between raids. With the atomic bomb, however, pin-point accuracy is not required, since its area of destruction is large enough to make up for normal bombing errors. Furthermore, destruction is so complete that reconstruction is impossible.

Until 1949, the U.S. had an



*5734 University Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. October, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Educational Foundation for Nuclear Science, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

atomic monopoly. During this time, the strategic air force and the intercontinental bomber were born. It may not be known for a long time whether or not this atomic threat in the hands of the U.S. prevented the Soviet Union from making war on us long ago. Obviously, the Kremlin considered the threat important, since they embarked on an all-out program of building some 15,000 fighter interceptors.

During this period, atomic weapons remained relatively scarce. Our top strategists could plan to use them on only a few highly important targets. Even later, during the Korean war, one reason for our not using the atomic bomb was that no suitable target could be found.

The Soviet atomic explosion of 1949 forced us to change our strategy completely. Now, self-defense became our first need. (If war were to break out today, the first mission of our strategic air force would be to knock out the Soviet long-range bomber airdromes. Our secondary effort would be directed against Soviet tactical airdromes. Thus we would hope to protect ourselves and our allies by destroying the enemy bombers on their home bases.) We countered this Soviet threat by developing atomic weapons in small packages and in large quantities.

Thus we brought about the second atomic revolution. It meant that our army could fire atomic shells from 280-mm cannon. It

could put atomic warheads on rockets. The navy could fly atomic bombs off carriers, fire pilotless aircraft with atomic warheads from submarines, destroy harbors with atomic torpedoes.

Weapons development proceeded more rapidly than any ideas about how to use the new weapons. The navy clung to its old ideas of fleet formations, although a single large enemy atomic bomb could knock out 50 ships. Only a year ago, I was present at a naval maneuver when a major part of our proud Atlantic fleet could have been put out of action by one bomb. Even now, the navy still thinks of anti-submarine warfare in terms of hunter-killer groups of small aircraft carriers and destroyers scouring the seas for submarines. Yet submarines can be knocked out with ease by using atomic bombs on their nests.

Indeed, ports and harbors of all kinds are easy targets for atomic mines dropped by plane, or atomic torpedoes fired from submarines. As of now, it seems quite unlikely that great reinforcements will ever again flow from the U.S. to Europe. If a European war should start tomorrow, it would have to be fought largely by the forces already in Europe. Small forces could be flown in, and others could be landed on beaches, but the total would be trifling. The heavy equipment such troops would require would have to be stored in Europe

in advance, since it could never be landed under next-war conditions.

The army continues to dream that the atomic battlefield will be much like former battlefields, only more spread out. Thus, the army ships to Europe atomic cannon that have a range of 20 miles. They also send guided-rocket battalions with an accurate range of perhaps 100 miles. Their whole idea is to add these weapons to a deeper battle zone approximately 30 miles deep, compared with the older zone of five to ten miles. Units are to be smaller and more widely dispersed than before (a carryover in thinking from the days of atomic scarcity).

What is missing in this strategy is a true perspective of what it means to have plenty of atomic weapons. The army seems to imagine that the opposing armies will move forward undisturbed until they come into contact; then the guided missiles and atomic cannon will come into play. If the enemy is equipped in the same fashion, the opposing armies would pretty well destroy each other before they met.

The whole scheme of the army neglects air power. The really critical opening battle will be fought by the opposing air forces. The side that wins aerial domination will almost certainly win the ground battle, since it can quickly clean out such items as atomic cannon and rocket-launching points. At the

same time, it can lay down a barrage against the enemy ground forces, and blast and burn a corridor through the defense, enabling its own forces to pass.

Of course, the army argues that aircraft must take off from runways two miles long, which cannot be hidden. Guided missiles and atomic cannon, they point out, can be fired from cleared spaces no larger than a tennis court. The soldiers believe that the airdromes will be destroyed while many of the missile-launching sites will not be touched.

The final (up to now) military revolution, the hydrogen bomb, spoils this argument. A single hydrogen bomb could blast a gap 20 miles wide and 20 miles deep in an enemy line. But this is only a conventional use of a brand new weapon. Why not put down an overlapping barrage on the enemy's line? Thirty bombs could create a wholly destroyed, burned, and vaporized zone 20 miles deep stretching from the Baltic sea to Switzerland.

Gen. Omar Bradley, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, once said that if we didn't maintain large ground forces in Europe, the Russians could place their soldiers 100 yards apart and march across Western Europe despite our atomic weapons. That statement was no doubt true when he made it, but the hydrogen bomb has since changed all that. It has been esti-

mated that a one-megaton bomb would kill 17,000 men, even in such a dispersed formation. (One megaton equals the energy released by the explosion of 1 million tons of TNT.) A five-megaton bomb would kill 39,000 men, and a ten-megaton bomb would kill 50,000.

In the face of such appalling "firepower," ground warfare can no longer exist in a war between atomic powers. The only ground-force defense against the hydrogen bomb would be to mingle with the enemy in his own territory. Thus, ground warfare becomes a matter of enemy infiltration and guerrilla action.

All this leads to some important conclusions. If we are able to stop absolutely any possible land invasion with a thermonuclear barrage, we need not indulge in the vaporization of millions of hapless enemy citizens in their homes under a theory of "massive retaliation." We can stop aggression with the *tactical* use of our "Sunday punch," the hydrogen bomb.

Even so, winning the next war may prove not so simple as one might think. The enemy will probably try to destroy our will to fight by bombing the great cities of the U. S. That means that we must be able to take out his means of delivery by destroying his aircraft at his airbases. Since such bombing must be inflicted far from the battlefields, we may well end up in an orgy of mutual destruction that will

make the bloodletting of the Mongols seem humane.

The one thing remaining clear is that air power, defensive and offensive, along with other defensive weapons against air attack, such as antiaircraft artillery and rockets, is the critical element. More than ever, air superiority spells the difference between destruction and survival.

In the next war, there will be small place for armies and navies. This is bitter medicine for soldiers and seamen. They now argue that we may not be allowed to use atomic weapons. What President, they ask, would order Moscow bombed when he knows that Washington would be bombed in retaliation? Some military planners also believe that armies and navies can go along in the conventional ways of warfare, absorbing whatever atomic blows the enemy may be able to deliver. This is one of the many injurious results of the unnecessary secrecy.

There is the very unlikely possibility that mankind may stop short of the ultimate insanity of self-destruction, by agreements which will prevent the use of atomic weapons.

But until such a point is reached, the split personality of the armed forces, half atomic and half-conventional, will continue to multiply the burden of armaments, making our survival, individually and nationally, a matter of chance.

The Church of Our Lady of All Grace in the French Alps is unrivaled in its modern beauty

Shrine of Present-Day Art

By KEES VAN HOEK

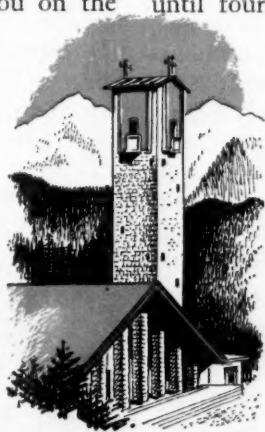
THE CHURCH of Our Lady of All Grace at Assy in the heart of the French Alps barely accommodates 300 worshippers, but it is one of the great churches of Christendom. In no cathedral of our time, in no other church in the world, have so many artists of such eminence given so lavishly of their genius.

To reach Assy you leave the Paris-Rome express at the winter sports resort of Fayet-St. Gervais. Your bus takes an hour of hairpin circuits with corkscrew bends to climb 3,000 feet up the slope of the Arve valley. It leaves you on the plateau of Assy, facing a scenic setting like Shangri-La. On the far side, the Mont Blanc mountain range lifts its awesome snow-capped peaks. Another jagged mountain range screens the uplands from the north wind; a gigantic bronze-green rug of pine forests enfolds the lap of the southern exposure. Among the pines lie

the white boxes, up to 12 stories high, of sanatoriums, all windows and balconies.

Twenty years ago, there were only a few farm houses here, but the colony of patients, doctors, and nurses grew into a sizable community. The Bishop of Annecy saw the need for a church, and entrusted the parish to an ex-patient turned hospital chaplain, the now Canon Devémy. Work started in 1937, the crypt was ready for daily Mass a year later; but the war slowed down building, so that the church proper was not consecrated until four years ago, in 1950.

Abbé Devémy wanted to make his church a shrine in modern art. He thought first of the Dominican Father Couturier. Pierre Couturier had set up his artist's studio in Montparnasse, after coming back from service in the 1st World War. In 1925, however, he decided to become a monk, and to devote the rest of his life to



the revitalizing of the Church art.

I had a long talk with the tall, austere friar in his Paris monastery about a year before his recent untimely death. His views give the rhyme and reason for modern art in our churches.

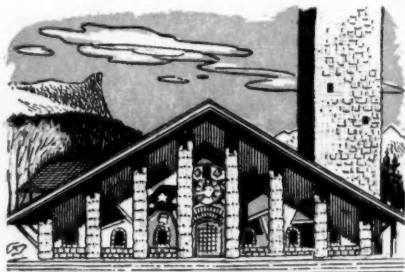
I can quote them practically verbatim from notes I made at the time. "Every generation must appeal to its own living masters; it was so in the past, why not now? Modern art will become as permanent a partner of the Church as medieval art was in the Middle Ages. So-called Christian art is dead in the sense in which Latin is now a dead language. Yet it has been repeating itself endlessly in the Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance styles, which the creative imagination of our own age has outgrown.

"People have become too mentally lazy to be capable of artistic understanding. Most of what we see in modern churches is, to put it charitably, mediocre. Outsiders may well ask what has become of the vitality of our faith when they compare our churches with the great cathedrals of the past. Present mediocrity is bound to affect the religious psychology of clergy and laity alike. Think of it—what might not have happened if the Church had commissioned Daumier and Degas, Cezanne and Van Gogh, Rodin and Maillot!"

The friar-painter lived to see his vision realized in his own lifetime.

At his suggestion, the Assy church builders turned to all the outstanding living French artists of our time, to Rouault and Léger, to Braque and Bonnard, to Matisse and Chagall, Lipchitz and Lurçat. It started a controversy which even a donation from Pope Pius XII, when he heard of the plans, did not assuage. Nobody denies that Assy, now the most discussed contemporary church in the world, has inaugurated a 20th-century ecclesiastical renaissance. Everybody agrees that there is no other building in the world in which so many masterpieces have been so *purposefully* assembled. The controversy rages over the fact that most of these artists are nonpracticing Catholics, that some are Jews, others non-believers.

The Assy planners defend themselves by pointing out that really great artists are admittedly few, so that one must take them where he finds them. They hold that when one cannot find geniuses who are saints, it is better to make use of genius from outside the faith than from pious followers without tal-



ent. The Church simply claims the creative genius of the artists.

"Ah," the opponents retort, "but how can one expect authentic religious values in the creations of nonbelievers?"

Replies Assy, "Not the staid academicians but the independents are today the most illustrious in their field. If art is not living, it cannot be sacred; it isn't art at all. We call an artist great if he is inspired, and an inspired artist is by his very temperament predisposed to spiritual intuition."

The proof of the Assy argument came in the reaction from the artists. They all responded eagerly, and most of them offered their work in homage, without pay. The great Pierre Bonnard, invited to do an altarpiece of St. Francis de Sales (the patron of the Annecy diocese, of which he was once bishop), asked for books on the saint's life. When his canvas was ready, he presented it with a letter thanking the Church authorities for the privilege of having been allowed to do it.

You need not ask the way to the church once you are in Assy. The slender 90-foot tower beckons from afar to a small square from which the surrounding meadows steeply rise to the forest edge. The famous modern architect Novarina had to plan the roof to hold the immense winter snows. Naturally he chose the chalet style. He built in greenish local granite and gray marble,

with a sturdy oak casseted ceiling, supported by strong, carved beams.

Eight granite columns, like stacks of neatly tailored millstones, form the nearly triangular porch. The front wall of the church presented Fernand Léger with adequate space for his style of decoration. His designs are simple, best compared to a children's colored picture book. Around a central medallion of the face of the Blessed Virgin, he painted the invocations of her litany: Mystical Rose, Morning Sun, Seat of Wisdom, Tower of Ivory, Ark of the Covenant. Done in glistening mosaic and in the clearest of pure colors, yellow, blue, red, the porch looks by day as if floodlighted by its own design. It is electrically floodlighted by night.

As you enter, your glance is at once drawn to the high altar. It is a marble table slab, set in the middle of a semicircle of squat, polished granite columns. Above it hangs one of the greatest treasures of the church, the tapestry by Lurçat, a gift of the state.

Jean Lurçat, who revived the traditional French art of tapestry in our time, worked years on what has become already one of his acknowledged masterpieces, executed in Aubusson, the home of tapestry weavers. Daringly divided in red, green, black, and white background, of intense colors, the design evokes the Apocalypse from the Revelation of St. John. St. John saw the devil, a multiheaded drag-

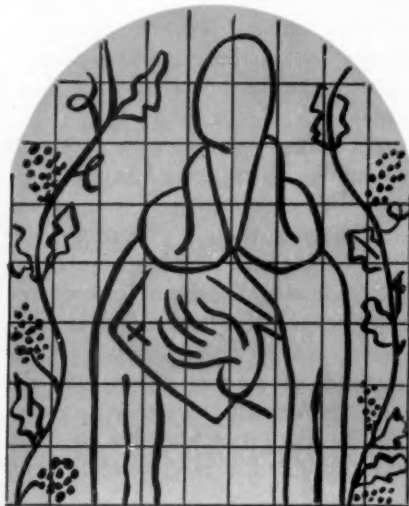
on; threatening the Virgin clothed with the sun and crowned with the stars. The vast composition visually tells the story of the Redemption. On the left, from a black stripe in which swim silver fishes, rises the earth and the Tree of Life and Death, with the birds of heaven on its branches but with the serpent bearing the apple round its trunk. On the extreme right rises the Tree of Jesse, the genealogy of Christ.

The priest faces the congregation from the high altar (and the people invariably sing or pray the Mass in dialogue with the priest), so the altar has no tabernacle. The Blessed Sacrament is kept on the side altar of the Gospel aisle, in a bronze tabernacle powerfully sculptured by Georges Braque with a fish, the symbol for Christ among the earliest Christians. It is set against

Henri Matisse's St. Dominic, a life-size sketch rather than a portrait, as if heavy crayon lines have been burned into the bright yellow tiles, simple, yet, in its slight frame of vines, singularly appealing.

The windows of the church are a blaze of abstract designs by 15 leading modern artists, each one dedicated by a different master—among them Couturier, Bony, Berçot—to a saint of the sick: St. Thérèse of Lisieux, who died of tuberculosis; St. Louis, who died of the pestilence; St. Raphael, who cured Tobias; St. Joan of Arc, who tended to the wounded; St. Francis of Assisi, who kissed the leper; St. Vincent de Paul, who cared for the paupers of Paris.

The organ loft is illuminated by Jean Bazaine's magnificent windows of sacred musicians, an intense King David strumming the harp as he sings his psalms, St. Cecilia, and St. Gregory the Great. Probably the finest treasures in this church are the four small windows at the back, which Rouault designed, the first windows of the already octogenarian master of modern religious art (and an exemplary Catholic) ever to be erected in a church. On one side of the main door he depicted a suffering Christ; on the other side, St. Veronica, each window with its accompanying window: a bouquet of mystical flowers of love and devotion. When the sun sets, the glowing light seems to burn right



through with a radiance as if the artist has not used paint but patterns of hot coals.

Germaine Richier's *Christ on the Cross* has been removed from the high altar to a side chapel, at the request of the bishop, Msgr. Cesbron, since, not having a cross-beam, it is not a liturgical crucifix. But this is the most challenging of all Assy's treasures. The artist was inspired by the prophet Isaias who spoke of the coming Redeemer as "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity." No photograph does it justice; it has to be seen from a certain angle, and then, what appears at first sight like a piece of tree bark, comes to life and seems to bend over with wide open compassionate arms. When I saw a reproduction before my visit, I could not comprehend it at all;

facing it, I felt it move me more deeply than ever a crucifix did.

Such is Assy. It does not claim to be perfect (in fact, it is not even quite finished yet; it still awaits Lipchitz' *Madonna*, and Marc Chagall is at present working on decoration of the baptismal chapel), but it is abundantly, generously, magnificently alive. People from all faiths and from all corners of the earth come to see it. Many revere it; most of them like it; some, of course, actively dislike it.

The Dominican friars who look after the parish, among them a bilingual Bostonian, tell me that it is mostly the older generation which dislikes it, but that practically everybody under 30 feels instantly attracted to it. But one fact is certain. It has become what above all it is meant for, a center of prayer.



'According to Rank

IN MOST diplomatic circles, the wives of military personnel are very sensitive to the niceties of protocol. The slightest slip—intentional or innocent—will draw their fire.

At a certain formal dinner given at a European embassy, the guest of honor, an archbishop, was seated at his hostess' right. Also present was a visiting American admiral—and his wife. With commendable restraint she withheld comment that evening, but first thing in the morning she phoned the ambassador's lady.

"My dear," she purred, "we all know you dote on informality, but I just wanted to make sure you realize that the admiral is the representative of the U. S."

"Why certainly, darling," responded the hostess, "and the archbishop is the representative of God."

Wall Street Journal (10 Nov. '54).

A father gives some pointers on how to bring up kids

Bing and the Crosby Boys

By BING CROSBY

Condensed from *McCall's**

DIXIE AND I had always intended to raise our boys as four average American kids, and I think that's the way it's come out. They all like the entertainment field, but I never tried to influence them one way or the other about it, and I guess possibly only Gary, who is now 21, is serious about wanting to make a real career of it.

The twins, Dennis and Phil, are studying animal husbandry at Washington State college, and they'll probably take over our ranch in North Fork, Nev. They're 20. Lindsay, who goes to Loyola college, is 16, and though he's talented in more ways than one I can't figure out what he'll turn out to be. Sometimes he says he'll be an artist. Lately he's been talking about the priesthood.

Gary had his own show on radio

last summer, and I warned him, "No matter how you make out, you go right back to Stanford university after it's all over. If you do better than either of us thinks you can, I'll retire and become your agent."

Gary is big all over, weighs nearly 210, and looks less like a singer than a fullback. That's the position he played in college football until he broke his collarbone and they found it wouldn't stay in place if he kept on playing. Now that he does-

n't play football he's become interested in baseball, and is quite a catcher.

The twins are more like Dixie than the other boys, and I think it was they who missed her most when she died two years ago. They're a little taller than I am, and physically they're lightweight stuff compared to Gary. Mentally,



*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. October, 1954. Copyright 1954 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

they do very nicely. Phil, who has the sensitive face, most resembles Dixie. Dennis is the handsomest of the four. I think either one of the twins is talented enough to find a spot in show business—both sing and play the trumpet—but they are leaving it to Gary to hold up that end. Their interest is outdoors.

Most serious-minded of the four is Lin. If you listen to my brother Everett, Gary has more talent than the twins and Lin has more than Gary. Lin is a good public speaker, and claims he picked that up from me. One thing I know: Lin's a good actor. He's very clever musically and, probably more than any of the four boys, has inherited the particular brand of humor usually associated with me—casual and occasionally original. He can ad-lib with me like Bob Hope, and correspondingly I don't always come out best. He plays the piano. Taught himself without lessons.

While the other three boys can dismiss a problem lightly, and often do, Lin views everything with grown-up gravity. I'll never forget one day he and I were lunching with Johnny Burke, the song writer and a close friend of the family. For no reason any of us can recall, the talk turned to Dixie and Catholicism. "Well," said Lin, "just the desire alone can make you a Catholic. I believe that mommy desires it and just doesn't want to tell you how easy she is to win over." That Lindsay had quite a part in

Dixie's conversion just before she died there's little doubt.

All four boys, if they often neglect their attire, take good care of their physical appearances. For instance, they keep their hair in better trim than they do their shoes. And they're happier in cowpoke boots than in anything else.

They have their fights, real knock-down-and-drag-out fights. These are always outside, often among the four of them. If it gets too rough I get in to separate them, but that's rare. They face their individual problems determinedly and ruggedly, and deal with them accordingly. Apart from a few minor bruises and lots of halting breath, their solutions are usually good and conclusive. Most important, there are never any hard feelings for very long.

One of the things I'm most grateful for is that the boys' devotion to their parents was equally divided between Dixie and myself. There probably wasn't a prouder mother in all the world when Philip won an elocution contest on the subject of *Taking Mother to a Football Game*. And shortly before Dixie died another of the boys wrote not hundreds but thousands of words in a eulogy called *To My Mother*.

Back in 1944 it wasn't too certain that I might win the Academy award for my role in *Going My Way*. Phil decided he wasn't taking any chances on the outcome of

the voting. Two days before the awards were to be announced he solemnly handed me a clay model he had made of the Statue of Liberty, complete with torch, and, as a bonus, an airplane hangar with a toy airplane inside. In block letters the clay was inscribed: "To Bing Crosby for *Going My Way*—1944—the Philip Crosby Award."

I won the Oscar two days later, and side by side the two decorations rested in my dressing room. I felt that I had gone a long way in the movie industry. But I had made some progress in the direction of being a father, too. I felt pretty good.

Early in our married life, Dixie and I had decided to instill in our boys a proper sense of values. "If we restrict their growing lives," Dixie once said, "we'll regret it to the end of our days." And I agreed. We planned that they should know all kinds of people, participate in their thoughts and lives, and feel for problems that might never come their way.

A movie star becomes involved in special problems when he tries to raise four sons. There's the temptation of the kids themselves to cash in, to accept, if not seek, special favors. There's the envy, and often resentment, of boys of their same age and in the same group. Then there's the even more serious problem of "following in dad's footsteps."

Fortunately, none of the boys has

been so enamored of show business that everything else has gone by the wayside. True, I've heard them sing to the rhythm of our washing machine. Anything that gave a steady beat made them want to keep up with it. It was something to encourage, but not to exaggerate.

It was a memorable day when Gary, at 17, finally asked, "Pop, when do I cut a record?"

"Son," I remember saying, "when will your mathematics marks at school look less as though the OPA had been at work cutting them down?"

"I withdraw the question," Gary replied.

"And," I retorted, "I withdraw mine."

I guess that little exchange did little to prevent what came next: Gary's success with a few records. Said a critic of his first recording, *Sam's Song*, which he made with me: "Gary's patter and ragtime rhythm fitted in so well with Bing's polished nonchalance that the record sold more than a million copies."

As far as the other boys were concerned, the sudden overnight success of the Crosbys' Gary in the entertainment world could have been disastrous. But humor ruled the day, and Lindsay, the youngest, volunteered his opinion of the singing prowess of the junior Crosbys.

"Well," he said, "as you're taking the trouble to ask me, I think Gary's singing is a little arty."

"Go on and tell us more," I said. "Dennis and Philip are a little hokey."

"And you?" I asked.

Lindsay shrugged. "I guess I'm a little shaky."

In effect, he had dismissed the entire possibility of Gary's becoming the second "Groaner" in the Crosby household. And I couldn't have been more satisfied by his reaction.

Our ranch in North Fork, 60 miles from Elko, Nev., contributed a lot to the formative years of four average American kids. From the very beginning, I put the boys to work there, long before they were ever convinced that work was something to prepare them for the years ahead. Gary, Phil, Dennis, and Lin worked right along with the hands, doing everything from harvesting crops to herding cattle. "You're up at six," I'd say, "and lights out at eight. And leave me alone. You're going to eat with the cowpokes from now on, sleep with them, and you'll get the same pay. Not a penny more, nor an hour less of work. What's for fun is your business."

I wanted them to learn that life must be approached the hard way, by them as it had been by me. I guess they knew their pop had been a dollar-a-day janitor, a newsboy, a theater usher, truck driver, alfalfa harvester, logger, and grocery clerk. And it paid dividends.

The boys worked hard, and

learned something; but even more important, they grew closer together, got to know each other better. There wasn't much time for horseplay, but there was plenty of time for laughs and achievements.

Some people would say I was too tough a disciplinarian, but Dixie knew how to explode that myth. Among other things, Dixie considered me guilty, as far as the kids were concerned, of three grievous misdemeanors. 1. I didn't watch the boys' table manners. 2. I avoided making them observe the social graces. 3. I didn't care what they wore. All true, too true. I'm strictly a slacks, sweater, and moccasins guy, and in their early teens the boys faithfully followed papa.

But perhaps they overdid it, because too often they would arrive at dinner with no changes made. They also followed me in another respect, the mixing of colors. While I had an excuse for it (I insist I'm color blind), the boys had fun putting the rainbow touch into their own casual attire. Today they're grown up, and their eyes are not only on schoolbooks, the ranch or their favorite TV show; they recognize pretty faces too. And any day I expect to be invited to a formal dinner for five men in which four of them will be wearing business suits and neckties.

Some people tell me that the banter that goes on among the kids is inherited from the old man. I remember Lin's comment once on

Gary's singing. "Don't tell me," he said, "that Gary sings any better than the rest of us. Just louder, that's all."

About one thing, though, I guess I don't have a sense of humor, money. I want my boys to know the value of it and of possessions too, rather than simply to accept what they get without appreciating it. I want them to be aware of the consequences if they fritter away what they have. Each of my boys has a trust fund that will provide for him handsomely the rest of his life without another stroke of work. But I want them to understand that a dollar today is worth 36 cents. It doesn't buy as much as it did in pop's day, but it's still a dollar, and no easier to come by.

I must say they don't seem to have missed the point. Some years ago, for example, I deposited their summer's earnings as spending money for them at school. It amounted to \$380 each. Three-quarters of the way through the school year not one of them had used up more than \$80.

I told one of my brothers what I had spent in the same time, and he was startled and impressed. "You can learn a little of what you're teaching them," he commented. And I might say that I have.

I've never been overly worried about the illnesses of my growing sons. They are the illnesses of all children, ranging from a bilious

headache to the normal setbacks. Whatever they had, measles, a hacking cough, poison ivy, I've managed to treat it lightly, even if down deep I was sometimes fretful. They've been remarkably healthy, and I suspect most parents will agree that my calmness has helped them through some of their sicknesses.

I did break my worry rule last May, though, when Gary was involved in an accident in San José. A car came out of a side road unexpectedly, with the tragic result that a man was killed and Gary ended up in the hospital with bruises, contusions, shock, and many stitches in his nose.

When I wrote my book, *Call Me Lucky*, I said among other things that one of the biggest mistakes I had ever made was to give Gary a car as a high-school graduation present. When he got the car his studies went to pot. I took the car away temporarily, and Dixie spoke sternly to him. A lot of people once again felt I was too strict in my disciplining. Perhaps the gift of the car was an overgenerous and not too sound idea, because most youngsters don't know how to handle cars. But I never felt that Gary couldn't handle a car properly.

I regretted deeply the accident last May, but I couldn't condemn Gary. I knew he wasn't to blame. He happened to be in the right. He was driving carefully and safely.

Even so, the death of the man shocked and grieved him, and I think it will teach him to be doubly careful.

One story I'll always remember in connection with one of the boys' illnesses. A hammy director was always overdramatizing things. One night another director found him stalking about nervously in the dark near the studio and asked what was wrong.

"My dear chap," said the ham in tragic tones, "my wife underwent surgery today."

The other director sympathized appropriately, and asked, "How is she feeling?"

The ham made a gracefully studied gesture. Then he said, "Hovering. Just hovering." To this he added briskly, "By the way, do you have an extra seat for the fights to-night?"

Well, the boys loved the story. The clincher came two years later, when Lin wound up in the hospital with spotted fever. He had been unconscious several days. When the fever finally broke, I asked anxiously, "How do you feel, Lin?"

"Hovering," he said, with a feeble grin. "Just hovering."

I suppose none of us really appreciated the extent of Dixie's influence on all of us until she died. She was always a wise and loving mother, whose honesty was unclouded. We could always count on her for the truth about ourselves, and I'd be just stupid if I didn't

realize that some of the maternal wisdom that came the way of the Crosby men wasn't meant for me, too. How many times, for instance, would I find that I had lectured the kids ineffectually and then have her say teasingly, "You've got your audiences fooled but not them, huh?"

Her influence on them was always felt, and not a day passed when one of the boys wasn't wondering whether his mother would approve his decision on a matter of "vital importance"—anything from taking up with a new friend to a book he wanted to read.

She and I were proud of our home, and very early we decided to be one family that would really live in its living room. Eight-foot sofas made a fireside chat a family affair, and our wall-to-wall carpeting actually consisted of three rugs which could be rolled back for dancing. But what made our house different from what people might expect was the complete absence (and I insisted on it) of haphazard music making. Just as it was never the headquarters for composers and writers at work, song pluggers demonstrating the latest tunes, or even the old man exercising his pipes, it was also not a gathering place for Crosbys trying to outdo each other with noisy musical instruments. The boys were made to respect the idea that there's a time and place for everything.

All of us seemed to enjoy the

bedtime stories, which I tried to make as educational as imaginative. My versions of *Snow White* or *Don Quixote* were modern, with real names and real incidents thrown in.

One evening Father Concannon, our priest from Good Shepherd church, was present during a story hour. "Bing," he asked me, "what are you trying to prove? What are you trying to put into these boys?"

I remember grinning, because this wonderful man knew the answer as well as I did. "Knowledge," I said. "The old Crosby touch. Casual stuff."

Later, I heard he had paid me a compliment. "Bing's got a good idea," he told one of the other priests. "He's teaching his boys just the way he sings a song—effortlessly."

Religion is one side of our life that we don't treat casually. With me, or without me when I am away or abroad, the boys all go to Mass every Sunday and to Communion as often as possible. Religiously, their position and their future is clear. It is my prayerful hope that their faith will be the comfort and support to them that it has been to me; that through the observance of their religious obligations the groundwork has been laid for a happy, upright life; and that when they are of age and making their own decisions they will move in accordance with the teachings of our Church.

I know, and I think my boys know it too, that this is probably the most critical time of their lives. Now that their mother is gone and there's just a housekeeper at home they require more care and more attention. For one thing, they have to face the fact that many of their roots are being torn up. The big house in Holmby Hills, where we were together for so long, may have to go. So will the Pebble Beach home overlooking the golf course. In their place, we'll have a small house in Palm Springs, a small house in Los Angeles, and the lodge in Hayden Lake, Idaho, where we have had such wonderful times together. And, of course, we'll always have the ranch.

One of the problems that faces me today as a father is girls. Girls wish to meet my sons, and they wish to meet girls. I am not going to stand in their way. Like any normal boys, my four are fully conscious that there's another sex—not only conscious but interested. My rule is that I have to meet any girl they wish to go out with. I hope, as Dixie did, that they will do their entertaining in a sensible fashion. I am against the freedom that leads to petting in automobiles. My kids can have the run of the house, and they can entertain their friends there. I want to know where they are.

I also want to be around if one of the boys gets serious with a girl. I sent my mother and sister abroad

this past summer, and I had been looking forward to joining them. But then suddenly I realized that I'd be gone while the boys were out of school on vacation. So I canceled my plans. It wasn't just the possibility of a romance; I figured too that the boys shouldn't be home two months without anyone to look after them.

There's one more thing I would like to discuss, because it has a bearing on my relationship with my sons. There have been all kinds of rumors about my getting married again. I know that the newspapers have to print something, but when it comes to romantic plans involving me I wish they would drop it. Not long ago I told my mother, "Don't worry about all these stories. I am not getting married now, and I haven't any plans for getting married. I may never marry again, and if I do you will be the first to know."

We were talking about the boys the other day, an old friend and I. He asked what I honestly thought I had given them.

"They are honest, trustworthy, and considerate of other people," I

began. "They've come to realize the value of time. Expected home at 11, they're home. It wasn't always that way. They have learned the value of money, often do without things in order to save. They show complete respect, but they haven't lost their young sense of humor. And they don't lie."

Now, I don't want anyone to think I figure these four are little tin saints. Far from it. But they're all right, and if I can get them through these difficult years they are going to be useful citizens. Until I can convince the boys that they are going to get out of life just what they put into it I won't feel that my job has been done.

I told them once that as a parent I'm run-of-the-mill. I didn't want them to extol the virtues of my fatherhood, or its failings. I started to go on, but Phil interrupted.

"That's right," he said. "A Crosby who takes himself seriously is a dead duck."

I sat back and smiled, for I knew then that I was in the groove. And once again I had that strange suspicion that all five of us were learning.

The Compliment Is an Art

AFTER A lecture in a Midwestern city, Alexander Woollcott, the author and wit, was approached in a hotel lobby by a white-haired, grandmotherly-looking woman who told him how greatly she enjoyed his remarks. "I was encouraged to speak to you," she added, "because you said you loved old ladies."

"I do," replied Woollcott gallantly, "but I also like them your age."

Why.

Johnny Appleseed of the Bronx

*Giovanni is an immigrant who can't see
an empty lot go to waste*

By MEYER BERGER

Condensed from the New York Times*

THE BRONX has its own Johnny Appleseed. For 54 years, 71-year-old Giovanni Mazzeo has been tramping up and down the city, plowing and planting the empty lots.

Johnny Appleseed spread orchards up and down the Ohio valley 150 years ago. I doubt that Giovanni has ever heard of Johnny, though, because he has had no formal schooling. Laboring in Italy's crumbly furrows with his father, he received his only education: the love of the good earth and the good God who created it.

Giovanni is straight and tall and leathery. His eyes are blue. He says, "God gave the earth. It is a sin not to plant it." He cannot recall how many lots he has cleared of rubble in the last 54 years, but they must add up into the hundreds.

Giovanni does not ask who owns the lots he converts to gardens and orchards. He thinks the city owns some. The biggest one he works now, at Westchester and Have-meyer Aves., may be the property of a rich junk dealer—maybe. Giovanni isn't sure.

When he started working it about 34 years ago, he planted many acres. Other men envied his fall harvest. They said, wistfully, "Giovanni, give us a piece," and Giovanni gave pieces, cheerfully and without question, as long as they were worked and made to bear as the Lord meant them to, even in big cities.

Giovanni has a tarpaper shack on the Westchester Ave. farm. He keeps his hoe and his forks in it. His fruits are tied to blackened lumber. His gate looks 100 years old. His well, which saved his to-



*Times Square, New York City. Oct. 6, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

matatoes when other plants died all about him, has a barrel for a well head. He himself dug it, 15 feet deep.

He has a weathered, ancient, handmade bench outside the shack to rest on when the sun is hot. Sometimes he wanders to the shade of a towering old chestnut for a smoke. He hears the squirrels harvesting wild nuts. And he says, "This tree is so old he must once see George Washington, I betcha."

Giovanni became a laborer on the New York subways when he came here at the age of 17 from his father's farm outside of Naples. Even in his youth he planted seed in Bronx lots, nursed trees and berry bushes.

He took me to Castle Hill and St. Raymond's Aves., and unlocked another ancient wooden gate to a fertile lot. He plucked a warm fig from one of five fig trees. It was rich and ripe. He said his peach trees had yielded many bushels this year. The tree tops were covered with wire mesh against blackbirds.

Giovanni said, "Blackbirds is t'ieves," but he said it without rancor.

He plants fig trees, peach trees, finocchio, hot peppers, sweet peppers, miniature tomatoes, eggplant, beets, corn, lettuce, long and round squash, garlic (much garlic), onions, string beans, carrots, basil, and Swiss chard.

The Bronx harvest this year was good. All the growth was fat and

green, but there will be no garlic until next June. When I was there, the garlic showed as thin sprouts. It shook when the Pelham subway trains rumbled by. So did the rich compost heap beside it. Giovanni starts his new seed in compost every spring.

"Makes a seed jump up," he says. He lifts his skinny arms to demonstrate.

Giovanni has sown seed of his own drying all these years. He has grafted apples onto pear trees, pears onto apples. He has preserved enough each fall to feed himself, his wife, his two sons, his daughter and sons-and-daughters-in-law, and their five children. He has kept his neighbors in fruits and vegetables.

Each year, come late October, he buys many crates of upstate grapes to make red wine and white wine. He has reduced his food costs, except for the price of an occasional roast, to what he pays for olive oil and spaghetti. He toils from sunup to sundown. He is a contented man.

Giovanni's only cash now comes from Social Security. It began to come after he had retired from street labor five years ago. With it he pays \$40 a year taxes on the farm overseas on which he was born. It yields about \$200 a year to the relative who works it. There is no money from it for Giovanni, but he cannot bear to let it go.

He says, "My roots are there. You do not tear good roots."

Only on Sunday does Giovanni

Appleseed rest from labor. Then he shucks his soil-covered jeans and sweated shirt, gets stiffly into clean linen and a dark suit, and goes with his Teresa and their children and grandchildren to Santa Maria church.

If they pass an empty lot, Giovanni stops, and his eyes come alight. He always says, "There is a sin." But his sons and his daughters gently keep him moving. Else he would drop to bony knees, and begin to dress the ground for seed.



Hearts Are Trumps

OUR SON has a mysterious chronic illness that requires our trying first one antibiotic and then another in the hope of finding one that will prove lastingly effective in controlling his infection.

This has meant a heavy drain on the family finances. We should have been desperate long ago were it not for the kindness of our druggist, who has always let me charge the necessary items, even when his bill was long overdue.

Recently, I felt that I simply couldn't ask him to charge a new and particularly expensive drug which our doctor had prescribed. I offered the druggist \$5 on account, and asked him if he would mind waiting until payday for the remainder.

He waved the money away, saying, "I don't want to run you short. I know you've had pretty rough going these last few weeks. You get the drug any time you want, and pay for it when you can."

I was much too overcome to thank him properly for his unexpected generosity. Later, I mentioned the incident to a close friend.

"There's a story behind that," my friend said knowingly. Then he went on to tell me how, a few years before, the druggist's wife had nearly died in giving birth to her last baby. The nuns in a near-by convent had offered special prayers for her, and she had recovered.

The man had been touched that they had taken time to pray for the wife of a Jewish druggist; and he had attributed her recovery to their prayers. Now he was attempting to express his gratitude through his kindness to me, a Catholic.

The nuns' prayers were indeed "bread cast upon the waters." They have come home to me.

Mrs. Gertrude R. MacDonald, Readville, Mass.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Dieting, Facts and Fiction

Dispell false fears but keep the honest ones

By ETHEL STRATTAN
Condensed from *Cosmopolitan**

MOST WOMEN have gotten the idea that if they aren't shaped like Miss America they are too fat. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It could be that for your height, bone structure, and age you are not overweight at all. No matter how streamlined the young lady—or man—in the movie you see, you might be better off the way you are.

Nutritionists readily admit this. They know there are many gaps in present knowledge. Rather than stand by fixed rules that apply to everyone, they agree that weight is an individual matter that deserves individual study. Following is what they have to say about some of the most discussed theories on dieting.

The only cause for overweight is overeating.

People overeat for various reasons—glandular imbalance and emotional disturbances, for example—yet the hard fact remains that overweight is caused by overeating. Eat more than your system re-



quires, and you will weigh more than you should.

There is a definite obese personality.

True. Scientists have discovered a definite personality that inclines to fat. Even in early childhood, when most babies are in constant motion, this type avoids unnecessary activity.

He never enters much into athletics. He reacts to strain with little muscular tension and hardly any rise in blood pressure or pulse rate. This tendency by no means dooms the child to becoming an overplump adult, though it may make it a little harder for him to find the absorbing play and work that will help keep him in trim.

Overeating habits formed in childhood can be carried into adult life.

True. Not knowing how much is enough, many parents insist upon their children eating too much.

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. October, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

This creates a habit extremely hard to break. The child's appetite always knows better than mother. Further, we become accustomed early to holiday feasts. Children and young adults can throw off these excesses easily. The slower, less efficient body systems from 30 years on simply pile on fat. What was once a pleasant spree becomes a disfiguring orgy.

Inactivity is the inevitable result of 20th-century civilization.

False. However, our addiction to riding certainly contributes. A 165-pound man who rides to work, sits in an office all day, rides home, then relaxes in a chair during the evening, has only to eat 80 extra calories a day to gain 13 pounds in five years. He could enjoy the same food and burn up those 80 calories by walking a mile a day at moderate speed.

The time to start dieting is always now.

False. The time to start dieting is during spring, summer, and early fall, when you'll probably be less hungry and when colds and influenza are less common. There is such a wide daily fluctuation in weight that the scales should be used but once a week. Reducing rapidly is safest between 25 and 50 years, provided you are a woman, not pregnant, and not nursing a baby. Before 20 and after 50, it is wise to lose weight slowly.

You can tell whether or not you are overweight by consulting any weight chart.

False. Many of the average-weight charts do not accurately show the wide range of normal individual weight variation. Dr. Norman Jolliffe, in his book *Reduce and Stay Reduced*, points out that one of the easiest and best ways to tell whether you are overweight is to lie flat on your back in bed or on the floor. If your abdomen is flat or concave, you are not overweight. To clinch the diagnosis, lay a ruler lengthwise on the abdomen. If it tilts up at the bottom, you are eating harder than you are working.

Sitting jobs encourage overeating.

True. Man was made to be active. Most of us are able to do long hours of sedentary work only with periodic stimulation. Coffee breaks indicate boredom rather than hunger. A 15-minute walk would just as well refresh the mind. It would also help flatten the waistline.

While dieting, the first foods to cut down on are those containing sugar.

False. Sugar usually gets the blame for its close companion, fat. Fat has more than twice as many calories as sugar, and is just as important in preparation of pastries and other delicacies that we think of as "sweet and fattening." Butter, margarine, and meat fat are twice as fattening as sugar.

Exercise is no help in reducing because it increases the appetite.

False. Have you heard this? Or that one pound of fat can be lost only by such feats as walking 36 miles, splitting wood seven hours, or playing volleyball 11 hours? Then listen to Jean Mayer, of the Harvard School of Public Health. She states in *Physiological Reviews* that 30 minutes of handball daily would keep 16 pounds yearly from accumulating on you. Further, she notes, you use up 100 to 550 calories an hour walking, up to 685 swimming or skating, up to 585 bicycling, and 950 climbing. Peaks of activity during competitive games often burn 1,300 calories an hour. But to do any good, exercise must be regular, and even then, it alone will not reduce your weight permanently unless you adjust your eating habits to your body needs.

Obesity can be painful.

True. That tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in weight-bearing joints, distress in hot weather, insomnia, skin rashes, digestive disorders, and even headache may all be due to heavy deposits of fat. Sometimes there are no symptoms at all. Individual variation is so great, it is hard to know when you are overweight. The closest agreement the experts have come to is that ideal weight is normally reached around the age of 25 and should never go more than 10% above that figure.

Men have more reason to watch their weight than women do.

True. Women, despite worries about their figures, can carry excess weight with less physical harm than men can. For example, the death rate of fat men from 20 to 29 years of age is 80% above the normal; in females, it's only 34% higher.

You must take vitamins while dieting.

False. If your diet is well-balanced, you need no synthetic vitamins. Your food supplies all the vitamins needed, except when, as in cases of sickness or pregnancy, your doctor has diagnosed a vitamin deficiency.

Fat persons have a craving for sweets.

Not always. Many lean people also crave sweets and starches. Most all children crave sweets; some outgrow it, and some don't. Or the craving may appear and disappear without warning. Usually coupled with love of sweets is fondness for nonsweet starchy foods. It may well be that whether the person is lean or fat, the body tissues, for one reason or another, need added glucose and are only demanding what they must have.

When on a diet, you should avoid too much salt.

True. While salt itself, or the lack of it, has nothing to do with

the amount of fat in your body, too much salt tends to hold extra water in the tissues. By reducing salt in your diet, you can decrease moisture in your body and thus decrease your weight. As for salt-free diets, many doctors consider them dangerous and prescribe them only for patients with heart and circulatory diseases.

After losing excess weight, fat people will not only feel better but win more friends and satisfaction from life.

False. Disappointment with re-

sults is one of the major reasons many an overweight person lapses into old eating habits and gains again, no matter how many times he tries to reduce. It is true that many a fat person thinks that to be popular all he has to do is lose weight. But as the pounds melt and they find they are not undergoing a complete Cinderella change in personality they comfort themselves by eating again.

Investigators are finding more and more that if the tensions of a fat person's life are eased first, the excess pounds disappear.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish someone had been pilfering the poor box.

"This has got to stop," the pastor said grimly. He and his young assistant, who has a flair for electrical gadgets, rigged an alarm that would ring in the rectory. The two priests were at lunch when the alarm went off. They looked at each other. "There's our thief!" muttered the pastor. "Let's go."

The culprit, a dark-eyed urchin of eight, had a good start on the priests—but they caught him just the same. Even though on the lam, he had stopped to genuflect before the altar.

In our parish the job of conducting the young people's study club falls to the assistant. That's me. One evening, still dressed in my Jesuit-style cassock, I was heading for a club meeting. I noticed two youngsters from near-by Phillips Junior High eyeing me.

"Say," one of them said to the other, "that's the guy on TV."

"Naw," his companion replied, "that can't be him."

Pride possessed me. No doubt the two splendid young men had mistaken me for Bishop Sheen. What with the cassock and sash, there just might be a resemblance.

"Let's ask him." They moved over to speak to me.

"Say mister," asked my admirer, "ain't you Mister Peepers?" J. B.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Red Spies Win Victories

They learned our top-level decisions ahead of our commanders on the battle fronts

Condensed from *U. S. News & World Report**



JOSEPH STALIN, at a wartime dinner for Winston Churchill, offered a toast to the Russian spies whose flow of reliable information made possible the victories for communist armies. Stalin is gone, but the spy network he built still flourishes.

Communist spies played a major role in gaining victories for communism in both Korea and Indo-China.

In the Korean war, the Chinese communists needed to know how the U.S. would react to their entry into the war, after defeat of the North Korean armies. They were throwing their only battle-tested armies and their limited equipment into a war against the U.S., at the end of a very long and slender line of supply.

The Chinese communists had to know just what the Americans would do. If the American air force would cut the communists' tenuous line of supply in North China, the gamble could not pay off. If our air force would be denied the right to strike beyond the Yalu river to defend American

forces, then the masses of communist manpower could very confidently look forward to success.

Two generals who commanded U.S. forces in Korea, Douglas MacArthur and James A. Van Fleet, now testify that the communists must have had knowledge that a decision had been made to deny American commanders the right to strike at the vitals of the new enemy.

Maj. Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, chief of intelligence for General MacArthur, quotes a staff commentary in his new book *MacArthur, 1941-51*, as follows. "How little did MacArthur realize that by one process or another it would be conveyed to the Red Chinese that even though they entered the fray in large forces it would be under the sanctuary of being immune from any destructive action by our military forces within their own area.

"That the Red Chinese commander apparently knew such a decision would be forthcoming

*24th & N Sts., N.W., Washington 7, D. C. Oct. 15, 1954. Copyright 1954 by U. S. News Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

while General MacArthur did not, represents one of the blackest pages ever recorded."

During 1950 and until May of 1951, Donald Maclean, a British diplomat who finally fled back of the Iron Curtain, had access to the topmost American policy decisions. As head of the "American desk" in the British Foreign office, he saw copies of these decisions as they were exchanged between America and Britain. When Maclean fled

with Guy Burgess, Secretary of State Acheson is reported to have exclaimed, "They knew *everything*."

U.S. officials are now pretty sure that Maclean was the source of information upon which the communist Chinese acted.

The same kind of picture came to light following the Indo-China war. Communist victory there depended upon knowledge of the war plans of France, and U.S. intentions. It seemed the communists gambled

In France: Spies, just uncovered, fed communists inner secrets of the Indo-China war, kept them up to date on Western defense plans.

In Germany: Dr. Otto John, before vanishing into the Soviet zone, kept communists informed on diplomatic and military secrets of Germany, and of the U.S. and Britain.

In England: Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, with access to U.S. secrets of the Korean-war period, worked closely with the communists. When about to be caught, they disappeared. Klaus Fuchs fed high-level atomic secrets to the Russians, is called the "master spy."

In the U.S.: Two wartime spy rings turned up, with lines running high into the Department of State, Treasury department, even the White House.

In Australia: Network of spies, revealed by the third secretary of the Soviet embassy in Canberra, reported on atomic tests.

In Japan: Secrets of U.S. strength and defense plans in the Far East were funneled to Russia by a spy net, now uncovered in Tokyo.

In Canada: Elaborate wartime and postwar spy rings, first revealed by Igor Gouzenko, defecting Russian code clerk, acquired secrets of atomic research, continental defense plans.

In Italy: Ten members of a communist spy ring have been arrested in recent months. They had been ferreting out secrets of Italy's biggest air base, at Foggia.

In Norway: A spy ring, just uncovered, has been supplying Russians with secrets of military forces, establishments, and installations in Northern Norway.

heavily with their drive to take Dienbienphu. They went ahead in the face of warlike maneuvers and gestures of American naval and air forces. The chances taken seemed big, but actually they were negligible once accurate knowledge was had of the real French and American intentions.

Communist spies all through this period operated at the very heart of the French military establishment. Within a matter of two or three days, official minutes of the most secret French and American military planning conferences were in the hands of the communists. From these spies, the communists learned of American hesitations in the Indo-China war, and of French weakness and lack of intent to make a strong effort to save anti-communist forces at Dienbienphu.

In France, one of every five adults votes the communist ticket in general elections. American military officials are coming to see that a nation filled with communist sympathizers almost inevitably is riddled with spies in communist service. In the future, if our military officials have their way, fewer American military secrets will be confided to the French. For these officials know now that, up until very recently, communist spies obtained detailed reports of ultra-secret discussions at meetings of the National Defense committee, highest policy-making group in France. These reports found their way into

communist hands within a few hours or days of the meetings.

U.S. military officials know, too, that secrets of NATO planning for European defense also were included in the documents obtained by these French spies. So was some secret atomic information. French civil-defense plans were included as well. Communists, in other words, learned closely guarded secrets in every phase of France's defense planning. The spies in many cases got their information from communist sympathizers holding high positions in the French government.

How effective the spies were is shown by the security precautions they overcame to get minutes of a certain meeting of the Defense committee. Security agents had dismantled radiators, and had searched floors, walls, and ceilings of the meeting room to guard against hidden microphones. The room and building had been surrounded by secret agents. Only two "secretaries general" were permitted to take notes at the meeting. The minutes then were locked in a vault. No other copies were made.

Nevertheless, within four days, the minutes of the meeting were in communist hands. Two high officials of the secretariat later confessed to passing them out.

It was spies, not luck, that gave communists their advantage in crucial moments of the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars—wars that ended in effective communist victories.

Today's American Negro

*Slowly, but it seems surely, the teaching of Christ is finding
a wider hearing in the U.S.*

By ALAN PATON

Condensed from *Collier's**

Alan Paton is the author of two best-selling novels. His first, Cry, the Beloved Country, is the story of a humble Negro preacher who goes to Johannesburg to look for his wayward son only to find that the son has shot a white man who had always befriended Negroes. It was written during a tour of Scandinavia, Great Britain, and America, and published in 1948. His second novel, Too Late the Phalarope, appeared in 1953.

MOST IMMIGRANTS came to America to find freedom. The Negro came to be a slave. He was to trouble the conscience of America forever until he was free.

In 1863 he was emancipated, but not made free. His history has been one of hope and despair, of acceptance and rejection, of justice and terror. His story is so noble and tragic that it is one of the great epics of mankind.

Americans, anxious to justify their country, tell the world that the Negro grows freer and freer; that the walls of segregation are tumbling down. Is this true? Is the

Negro at last being taken into the American nation as an American among Americans? Is he beginning to enjoy every right and to share every duty that Americans have?

It was to find an answer to these questions that I recently came to the U.S. at the request of *Collier's*. When I arrived, Americans were still awaiting a ruling from the Supreme Court on whether or not white and colored children would continue to go to separate schools in many states. In my country, South Africa, colored people outnumber whites by more than three to one. There is segregation in schools, restaurants, hotels, transport, and residential areas. We in South Africa waited with interest for the American Supreme Court decision.

Many of the white people in South Africa hoped that America's segregation would stay, because they were for it, too, and wanted the strongest nation in the world to be their ally. Some of the whites hoped that segregation would go,

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. Oct. 15 and 29, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

because they were against it. They wanted no segregation, not only because that would be right and just, but because it was sense; it would make for peace, not only for country, not only for the world, but in men's minds. The colored people were watching too, to see if justice was still alive, to see if Western democracy held any hope at all, or if a colored man should look elsewhere.

Trying to find out what was happening to America's Negroes, I traveled to Washington, to the deep South, to the West Coast, and to the industrial cities of the North.

I went first to Washington. The cherry blossoms were out, but I had seen cherry blossoms before. What I had not seen before was Negro school children in a big Washington hotel. They could not have stayed there eight years ago. They were part of a school group from Middletown, Ohio. I saw how easily and happily they shared the life of their group. Their teacher assured me that no discrimination whatever was permitted in the Middletown schools.

I buttonholed a hotel official. "They are with a school group," he said uneasily. "Single individuals would not be encouraged." He excused himself with a little bow; other business demanded his attention.

I visited St. Anthony's, a Catholic grade school. There are 30 colored children there out of a total

of 676. A little white boy, Brian Clendenin, explained to me that the soul was important, not the color. The Catholics in Washington mean to stamp out race discrimination. They were not waiting for a Supreme Court decision.

I met a student from the great Negro college, Howard university. "This is a wonderful country," he said, "but things still happen that shake your confidence. Two friends and I were walking back to Howard after seeing our dance partners home. It was after midnight. There were a hundred people in the street, all white except ourselves. Yet it was to us that a policeman called, 'Come here, boys. Where are you going; where do you come from?' He was friendly and courteous, but it was disturbing to be singled out like that."

I had the honor of meeting J. Ernest Wilkins, assistant secretary of labor. He is the first Negro to hold sub-Cabinet rank. I congratulated him on his appointment. "It is more an honor to my race than to me," he said. "But it is also important to the U.S. It will help us in our tasks abroad."

"What is the future of the Negro in America?" I asked him.

"It is full of hope," he told me. "It has never been so full of hope."

I talked over the pending Supreme Court decision with a Southern senator. He was completely opposed to school integration. If it were ordered, he said, white and

Negro leaders would surely meet and work out an agreement for self-imposed segregation.

"But senator, I hear that more and more Negroes are voting in the South," I said.

"They will have a very difficult assignment," he retorted. He would not explain his remark to me. But he told me that relations between whites and Negroes in the South were good, and were disturbed only by "agitators from the North."

The senator had pictures of great Americans on his office wall. We discussed them, but all the time I was thinking, "Lincoln isn't here"; and all the time the senator knew I was thinking it.

The South is very different from what it was when I last visited it. World opinion, the courts, the determination of Negroes to be Americans, and the conscience of America—all these are forcing the white-supremacy advocates back on their heels.

The so-called white primaries are gone, outlawed by the Supreme Court. The poll tax remains in only five states. The number of Southern Negro voters has risen from 250,000 in 1940 to 1¼ million in 1952. In 1953, two Negroes were elected to the Democratic-party executive committee in Atlanta. Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta university, was elected to the Atlanta Board of Education. He must have had the support of many white voters.

I was struck, from one end of the U.S. to the other, by the fine quality of its leading Negro educators. America has done an extraordinary thing in finding such teachers among its Negroes. If this were better understood by the white Southerners, they would be less anxious about the future of their schools.

There is only one way to relieve such anxiety, and that is by a revolution in Southern education, which is now the poorest in the nation. Parents, teachers, officials, and the children themselves must bring all their resources to the common task. Such a co-operative effort, with its attendant resolve and mutual good will, would ease the painful revolution that must come. Nothing overcomes anxiety more than creative work. It may prove that the whole South, and not merely its Negro children, will be emancipated.

I wanted to visit a "white" church in Atlanta, and I wanted to go with my host, Pres. Benjamin E. Mays of Morehouse, a Negro men's college of liberal arts. We went to All Saints' Episcopal church. Outside the door, Dr. Mays said, "I don't want an 'incident.' If I'm asked to move, what do we do, move or leave?"

"Leave," I said.

It was Palm Sunday. The church was full, and the congregation reverent. The minister spoke of Abraham Lincoln as one who had saved

the nation. The choir sang, *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?*

Outside, people came up to us and told us how glad they were to see us in their church. Dr. Mays told me that for him it was an encouraging experience, but he wanted me to remember that there was only one Negro there, that he was making a special visit, and that he was accompanied by a white person. It is significant that he should be so encouraged by so small an event.

Recently the Archbishop of San Antonio ordered segregation ended in all parochial schools. The Archbishop of St. Louis had done the same some time before. Catholic schools in Richmond, Va., went ahead with integration without waiting for a Supreme Court decision. The Bishop of Raleigh, N.C., ordered an end to segregation with some powerful words: "The virus of prejudice will not die out of itself; it has to be killed by being exposed to the light of Faith."

But there are separate Negro Methodist and Negro Baptist churches, and they and the other Negro denominations claim most Negro Christians. The number of white and Negro Protestants who worship together is negligible.

American Christians, white and Negro, do not feel enough the scandal of the racially divided church. Of course, the segregated housing

patterns of America make integration in church life difficult. Another factor is the attitude of the Negro himself. He who has fought so valiantly to enter army, college, restaurant, and bus shows no desire to enter the predominantly white church. Yet, who better than the Negro or the sinner can cry out in the words of the great agonized supplications of the psalms? Who better than the Negro or the saint can understand the cross?

On July 26, 1948, President Truman issued an executive order calling for equality of treatment and opportunity in the armed forces. Today 98% of the Negroes in the army are in integrated units. At the end of 1952 there was no all-Negro unit left in the air force. I went to Fort Bragg, S.C., to see for myself how integration was working out.

My guides were Maj. Maurice Fowler and Lt. Melvin Scott, of the famous 82nd Airborne division. The major was white; the lieutenant colored. To me it was unforgettable to walk with the lieutenant, and see him saluted by the white soldiers. I watched a group of white soldiers taking physical training. The instructor was a Negro soldier. I took a tour with the major around the housing developments of Fort Bragg, where whites and Negroes live as neighbors. The major was from the North, and looked on these changes with a kindly eye. His wife was from the

South; she had recently played her first game of bridge with Negro women, and enjoyed it. I have never been a soldier, yet, as I left Fort Bragg, I wanted to lift my hand in a most unsoldierlike salute to the country which can produce so massive a change in so short a time.

I visited a navy shipyard at Charleston, S. C. I was accompanied by two colored friends. A young white marine met us at the gate, and had us conducted to Lt. Comdr. Marvin F. Studebaker, who would show us around. My two friends suggested that they would stay in the car, so that I could have the tour to myself. Commander Studebaker wouldn't hear of it. He went over to the car, shook hands and introduced himself, put us all in his own vehicle, and drove us around the shipyard. I saw thousands of workers, both white and Negro, working together on equal terms. Yet they were prevented by local taboo from eating together. Our visit aroused lively interest. I saw surprise, amusement, conversations. As we said good-by to Commander Studebaker, I could not help noticing that a Negro marine was now in charge of the gate.

The integration of the armed services, and of workers in the shipyards, was a tremendous victory in the war against segregation. The Supreme Court ruling, which now finally bans segregation in the

schools, could prove much greater. If fully carried out, it could mean that the children of slavery are to be brought into the nation, and that whatever belongs to the nation belongs to them.

Yet, integration in the schools could be nullified by residential segregation and discrimination in employment. These two great battles remain to be won. How does America stand in respect to these? To find out, I visited the West Coast, Chicago, Detroit, and New York.

The cry of the Negro is no longer, "Let my people go"; it is, "Let my people in." There is hardly a community in America where the purchase of a house by a Negro in a hitherto "white" section does not cause resentment, and sometimes violence.

In Louisville, shots were fired and bricks hurled through the windows of Andrew E. Wade, a veteran. In Philadelphia, mobs battered the house bought by Wiley Clark and forced him and his wife and four children to sell out and look elsewhere for a home.

The great weapon of the segregator has always been the restrictive covenant, intended to guarantee forever that a white-owned house would pass only into white hands. The covenant has been used against Orientals, Mexicans, Armenians, Hindus—whatever the local prejudice is. In 1926, such covenants were upheld by the courts.

In 1948, the white neighbors could sue the man who sold to a Negro, but could not revoke the sale. By 1953, they could not even sue. The covenant itself has not yet been outlawed; perhaps some day it will be.

But there is yet another covenant, an unwritten one. The broker who sells white-owned property to a colored man has to pay a penalty in ostracism and loss of business.

George Henry Gordon of Pasadena, Calif., is a real-estate broker. He told me that an American should be able to live where he is able to buy. He said this with a kind of sturdy serenity which I have seen often in Negroes, and which I have come to recognize as an outward sign of moral strength.

"This unwritten covenant will break down," said Mr. Gordon. "You can't go on doing what is wrong. Not long ago a white owner told me that he was willing to sell his house to colored people, but he asked that prospective buyers come and see the house after dark. I wouldn't do it. I told him I did my business in the light.

"We're too afraid to do right," Mr. Gordon went on. "Often nothing happens at all. It's just not true what they say about Negroes bringing down property values. They often live in shabby houses because that's all they can get. Look at the nice houses on my own street. Do you think they're worth any less

than before? When a Negro buys into a neighborhood, white people take fright. *For Sale* signs go up all around. If they'd wait, they'd get their price. If they sell in panic, they lose; but it's their own prejudice they're paying for. A month later their house is worth what it used to be. Sometimes it's worth more, because of all the Negroes who want to get a house."

"Are you a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Mr. Gordon?" I asked.

"Yes, I am," he said. "But I think it's time we changed our name to the National Association for the Advancement of *All* People. Until man rids himself of racial pride and fear, he can't make a better world."

I visited Chicago and Detroit, both of which have seen great Negro migrations and bitter race riots. I saw Negroes living in filthy slums, the only places I saw in America which compared with the slums of Johannesburg.

The slums are being pulled down; new housing is taking their place. But although there are vacancies, no Negro can get in. They must wait for new projects, yet to be built. It is the "neighborhood pattern" all over again.

I can think of one solution to the problem. It is a fantastic one, yet it is the one to which America unconsciously moves. When the day comes when the American no

longer sees color, or when he sees it as he now sees height, stoutness, or baldness, it will not matter who lives where. I met a white couple in Tarrytown, N. Y., whose child goes to a small school with two teachers. One is white, the other colored. But this child never mentioned that her two teachers are not of the same color. She calls the Negro teacher the "teacher with the dark suit."

In 1945, the average income of Negro city dwellers reached a high of 66% of average white city dwellers' income. The proportion has since declined, but the Negro *average* income has gained. America now has 15 million Negroes with an estimated purchasing power of \$15 billion. Business is giving more attention to this growing market, yet there are still few Negro salesmen or executives.

The unemployment rates for Negroes is 50% higher than for whites. Negroes still are, in general, "last hired, first fired." Yet the Negro has no use for communism. I asked Walter Reuther what he thought was the reason. Mr. Reuther is president of both the *cio* and the United Automobile Workers, the largest single union in the world.

"The communist argument is too doctrinaire and too dogmatic to appeal to the American," he said. "Furthermore, the Negro has always hoped for a better day. As a workingman, he could turn to the

cio, which refused to have anything to do with race or color discrimination, and which worked in his interest as a worker and a man."

I asked Henry Lee Moon, director of public relations of the NAACP, about the Negro and communism. "No one tried harder than the communists to get Negro support," he said. "They spent more than any union or party did. But they failed, because ultimately they wanted us on their own terms. They wanted us to be a separate nation. They wanted us to subordinate our interests to the Soviet Union. They wanted us to sacrifice our intellectual integrity. They didn't understand that we are Americans in spite of all."

Today in America, the last remnants of segregation are doomed. America has made part of herself all the peoples of Europe; she is now on the threshold of accepting all those other races which live upon her soil. It is the Negro more than any other American in this century who has helped America know what her Constitution is.

Many Americans are too pessimistic about their own country. They measure their moral strength in terms of sleeping-tablet consumption, Kinsey reports, and juvenile delinquency. Let them try measuring it as well in terms of the advance of the Negro. Let them try measuring it in terms of justice, which, so often defeated, has a way of conquering in the end.

Lightning Is Friendly

*It helps fertilize the earth and protects
us from the harmful rays from space*

By WEBB GARRISON

Condensed from the *Marianist**

NOBODY KNOWS what causes the light in a flash of lightning. Some scientists insist that the air in the path of the bolt gets so hot that it suddenly becomes incandescent. Since there is no means of heating oxygen or nitrogen to 27,000° in the laboratory, the theory remains untested.

Other scientists say that atomic energy may be involved. Lightning may consist of a high-velocity stream of electrons. As these electrons collide with molecules of air and water, they knock out particles which then enter new combinations. Small quantities of oxygen and nitrogen may be transmuted to hydrogen or to helium. If this theory is true, unleashed atomic power accounts for the flash of lightning. But no one can test that theory in the laboratory, either.

The second theory is supported by some of the known effects of lightning. For example, water vapor in the path of a flash is instantly decomposed, producing oxygen, hydrogen, and ozone. At the same time, nitrogen is profoundly al-

tered. It normally refuses to combine with oxygen. Under the influence of lightning, the gases form oxides of nitrogen. Where water vapor is also present, nitric acid is manufactured.

Falling to earth with rain from the thunderstorm, compounds of nitrogen feed plants both on land and in the sea. Without nitrogen, plant life would soon become extinct upon the earth, and no animals could survive in the absence of plant food.

Lightning is the world's biggest manufacturer of fertilizer, producing far more nitrogen compounds than all man's factories combined. During the time you spend reading this article, lightning sends about 7.6 million pounds of precious nitrogen cascading down to feed hungry plants.

But lightning plays other important parts in maintaining the conditions necessary for life on our planet. Energy needed for life continuously showers upon the earth from the sun. But not all effects of solar radiation are beneficent. Along

*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. December, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Society of Mary, and reprinted with permission.

with rays which yield visible light, the sun transmits ultraviolet, infrared, and strange "cosmic" rays. Direct knowledge about these forms of energy is very limited. Science studies them chiefly through long-distance measurement of effects. Rocket-borne instruments furnish occasional data, and balloon expeditions help fill gaps in understanding.

This much is generally agreed. If all solar radiation falling upon the earth were to reach its surface without modification, life as we know it could not exist. Radiations far more destructive than those produced in the laboratory or by explosion of atomic weapons would sear earth with such disruptive violence that no organism could survive.

Nuclear physicists have achieved partial solutions of the problem of radiation by building elaborate lead shields. Earth's Designer solved it by installing electrical shields so huge that they shelter the entire planet.

Incredibly, the blanket that protects the earth is partly fashioned by the very radiation it retards. Some forms of solar energy, striking molecules in the planet's thin outer atmosphere, blast them into fragments. Each particle so formed has an electrical charge. At 180 miles above the earth's surface, air is thinner than in any laboratory vacuum. Yet every cubic inch contains an estimated 16 million electrified particles.

These fragments accumulate into fairly definite layers, forming regions of high conductivity. Heavily positive in charge, atmospheric electrical screens serve to throw back many types of radiation from space and the sun.

One of the layers makes possible long-distance radio broadcasts. Radio pioneers, knowing that waves travel in approximately straight paths, considered the horizon to mark limits of transmission. So Marconi was astonished to pick up signals from Newfoundland in 1901. Pondering the enigma, physicists conjectured that an electrified layer high in the atmosphere serves as a reflector. By 1925, using methods that led to development of radar, crude measurements of distance were achieved by the scientists.

Just as radio waves bounce back from lower sides of these strata, so is much radiation from the sun and other bodies reflected from upper regions of the same bands. In 1935, the National Geographic society sent the balloon *Explorer II* to a record height of nearly 14 miles. From observations made during that flight, it appears that destructive cosmic rays not reflected away are transformed in passing through electrified regions. Their power reduced, no harm results from their impact when they eventually filter through to the earth's surface.

Sunspots, sometimes producing

streams of hydrogen erupting 60,000 miles above the solar surface, may be atomic explosions. Their radiations might have cataclysmic effects upon our planet if it were not protected by electrical fields which absorb most of such energy. Disturbances in these shielding layers affect radio transmission.

The earth, then, is like a huge ball on whose surface there is a negative electrical field. High in the surrounding air there are bands of electrified particles which make up a positive field. Such conditions should cause a constant flow of current away from the planet's surface.

Precisely such a movement is actually taking place. As early as 1887, German physicists made crude attempts to measure it. According to best contemporary estimates, the earth's surface charge flows away fast enough for it to be entirely dissipated in about six minutes. If that charge were to be lost, the electrical structure of the upper atmosphere would change. Then all life on the planet would be exposed to almost instant death from solar radiation.

Accordingly, scientists have long insisted that somewhere in the scheme of things there is a gigantic direct-current generator. Without its action, difference of potential between the earth's surface and the upper atmosphere could not be maintained.

Many analysts are now convinced

that lightning is precisely that generator—or, rather, that clouds generate and lightning conducts essential electricity to the planet's shell. The earth is like a huge battery whose current is continuously leaking out; lightning serves to recharge it.

Recharging of the planetary battery is an almost continuous process. No accurate count has ever been made, of course. But taking the entire planet into consideration, the number of thunderstorms that occur is enormous. According to the British Air ministry, a conservative estimate is 44,000 storms a day.

Some storms provide only a few bolts of lightning. Others are more bountiful. In the famous London storm of July 9, 1923, 6,294 flashes of lightning were recorded in a six-hour period. All told, the earth is hit by billions of charges annually. Each flash does its small part in maintaining that electrical balance without which life would be wiped out.

Magnificent and fearful, mysterious beyond all searching, lightning serves both to shelter earth's creatures and to provide them with food.

Thus, nightly exhibitions of "the awful autograph of God" actually testify to the meticulous care with which the Creator designed and maintains a planet suitable for human habitation.

Making the Calendar Simpler

Proponents of the World Calendar point out that a priest devised it in 1834

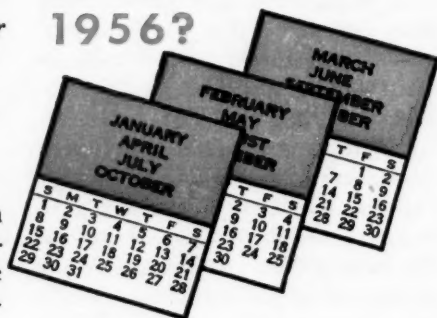
By DUANE VALENTY

THERE WILL be much written in the coming year about calendar reform. Proponents of the world calendar hope to see it accepted as the standard calendar by the nations of the world. The Catholic will want to know in advance what the world calendar is and how the Church feels about it. Why change the calendar at all?

Back in 1924, the Vatican informed the League of Nations that there were no dogmatic objections to calendar reform. At that time, 500 systems of fixing up the present calendar were proposed; today one of them has survived, the world calendar. Since 1924, a small but ever-growing group has been working to inform the world of the virtues of its timekeeping plan, and it has been presided over by the World Calendar association, a non-profit organization.

Through the years, support has snowballed until today 41 nations support the world calendar, as well as countless business leaders, government authorities, international organizations, laymen, and chambers of commerce.

1956?



In 1953, the following statement was issued by the apostolic delegate in Washington, Archbishop Amleto Cicognani. "With reference to the present attitude of the Vatican on the subject of the world calendar, I have been asked to inform you that the Holy See now has the question under study and will make known its conclusions in the matter at the proper moment."

Any talk of calendar reform is of special interest to Catholics. In 1582, Pope Gregory changed the calendar of his day. Since 45 B.C., when Julius Caesar had renovated the old Roman calendar with its 355 days by adding a leap year every fourth year things had become more and more confused. Finally, the calendar was found to be off by two weeks, affecting the date of Easter.

Pope Gregory's new calendar did two things. It changed leap year so that there would be 97 instead

of 100 leap years every 400 years. (Century years not divisible by 400 are not leap years.) This made the average length of the year only 26 seconds too long. The second change dropped ten days in October to bring the beginning of spring around to its traditional spot on the calendar, since all the movable Christian feasts hinged on Easter and since Easter depended on the full moon and the vernal equinox.

This was much better than the old calendar. However, as any present-day statistician knows, there were still flaws. And many parts of the world clung to the old Julian schedule, including England and her American colonies. Because of this there is still confusion about certain dates in American history which took place before the adoption by the 13 colonies of the Gregorian calendar.

The world calendar irons out present defects in orderly fashion, and with very little structural change.

"As for the practical problem of getting the calendar reformed today, it is neither as simple as some think nor as hard as others think," editorialized the *Evening Mail* of Dublin, Ireland. "Resolutions by responsible bodies are necessary, but they will have little effect unless supported by the rank and file."

The world calendar would be a perpetual calendar. Instead of

months of irregular length, it has a regular pattern, 31-30-30 days; instead of months varying from 24 to 27 business days, there will be 26 business days in every month; instead of changing holiday dates every year, weekdays and dates will always agree, year after year. Jan. 1 will always occur on a Sunday, as it will in 1956, the day considered ideal for adoption.

"It is sometimes disheartening to face, not indeed the hostility, but rather the apathy of the world," said one correspondent, writing from England to the World Calendar association. "In the old days it was only necessary to convince Pope Gregory, and the thing was done. Today, many people have to be convinced, and many of them do not even trouble to understand the proposals."

Since it is not "a matter of life or death," apathy has indeed been the chief enemy of the movement for calendar reform. "Why bother?" say many people. Others hate and resent change on general principles, like the one-time mayor of a small town in Maine who so vigorously opposed the adoption of Standard time that he threatened to have police stop churches from ringing their bells on the new time.

Still others are suspicious of "meddling" with the time-honored. "The present calendar is universally known as the Christian calendar and has a religious or sacred connotation because it was promulgat-

ed by Pope Gregory," declares a Sabbatarian publication. The Vatican has never made such a claim, but has in fact definitely stated that it finds no dogmatic objection to a civil reform of the calendar, the association points out to all such objections.

Cardinal Mercier, one of the greatest Catholic leaders of his time, presided at the international astronomical conference which started off the current calendar-reform movement in 1922. A Catholic writer dismisses the Sabbatarian argument with these words: How may the word *sacred* be applied to the calendar of any period? A calendar is a mundane and worldly thing, and my dictionary defines *sacred* as being something 'made holy, not profane or common.'

Should this plan be adopted, there will be an extra day at the end of every year. This will be known universally as "Worldsday," and may well become a special day of prayer, of churchgoing and meditation. "Leapyear day" (another world holiday) will follow June 30 in leap years.

Countries as far removed as Norway and Australia have given their approval to the new plan. Russia has astonished the world by lending tacit support in her publications. India, burdened with 14 calendars, is a strong supporter, as is most of Latin America. Many hopefully see in this widespread agreement the

roadway for future agreement on larger issues.

In Ireland, a group has been working to acquaint the people with possibilities of the plan. Prof. John J. O'Meara, of the University College of Dublin, writes, "Reform in administration and method is, of course, the order of the day in Ireland, as it must necessarily be in any new and rapidly developing country. Most of these reforms are internal matters, but calendar revision cannot be undertaken by any single nation or group of nations; it must be done more or less simultaneously the world over. Ireland wants this change, and most of our leaders realize keenly the need of it and the substantial benefits which will accrue from a better time-measuring system."

But Ireland waits upon the final word of the Church, as do Catholics everywhere. In this regard, it is of special interest to note an article on calendar reform that appeared in *L'Osservatore Romano* on June 28, 1954. The article comprehensively reviews the whole matter and form of old and new time schedules, especially bringing out the fact that the world calendar was originally devised by a Catholic priest, Abate Marco Masstrofini, and described in a book published in Rome in 1834.

Also, the article states, "It is not quite correct, if we wish to be precise, to call the proposed reform 'a reform of the Gregorian calendar.'

What would be altered are not the changes made by Pope Gregory but the length of the months which we have inherited from pagan Rome, and the sequence of the weeks, which will be altered by the introduction of intercalary days. This distinction is, however, quite commonly ignored."

At another point, the article from *L'Osservatore Romano* goes on to state, "Closely connected with calendar reform is the question of fixing the date of Easter. Sponsors of the world-calendar plan state explicitly that they do not attempt to deal with the Easter question. They realize that that is a matter which pertains to the ecclesiastical authorities.

"However, it cannot be denied that the desire for a fixed date for Easter is becoming more widely felt. In the early centuries of the Church there were long and often very bitter conflicts over the date of Easter, until a solution was

reached in the Council of Nicea (325 A.D.). Hence, it is, indeed, a very venerable tradition that places Easter on the first Sunday after the full moon after the vernal equinox. The Church, however, which made that rule would also, undoubtedly, have the power to alter it, if there were grave reasons which would make such a change advisable."

Should all others accept the world calendar in 1956, it might be understandable if one group stood apart: the calendar printers. For with a perpetual calendar, "calendar art" as we know it would vanish, probably to the collectors' folios. The calendar manufacturers would then be busy making valuable and beautiful calendars worthy of gracing desks a lifetime. The true artists are for it.

A lot of people are, at this point. But time alone will tell whether the world will wake up on Jan. 1, 1956, with a new face on its age-old time façade.



A Heap of Livin'

A YOUNG ARMY medical officer, ordered to report for active duty, brought his wife and three children along. Because of the housing shortage near the base where he was stationed, the officer and his family had to put up with some pretty cramped quarters in a hotel. One day, several members of the medical staff dropped in for a visit.

"Isn't it too bad you don't have a home?" one of the senior officers asked the six-year-old daughter.

"Oh, we have a home," replied the philosophic youngster. "We just don't have a house to put it in."

Sunshine Magazine (May '54).



Little Girl With a Musket

She held the Iroquois at bay seven days and seven nights

By THOMAS B. COSTAIN

Condensed from "The White and the Gold"*



THE SETTLERS in the fields around Castle Dangerous on the St. Lawrence river were falling under a hail of Iroquois bullets. The barefoot 14-year-old girl, Madeleine de Verchères, and a hired man named Laviolette, dashed madly from the river pier for the fort.

They made it, as bullets spattered the fort walls.

"To arms! To arms!" cried Madeleine.

The part of early Canada most open to Indian attack was along the St. Lawrence from Three Rivers to Montreal and beyond. In this area stood a fort called Castle Dangerous because of the peril in which its inhabitants lived. This was Fort Verchères, on the south bank of the river, about 20 miles below Montreal. It was a short distance from the Richelieu river, route of Iroquois war parties.

Castle Dangerous belonged to the Sieur de Verchères, a former army officer.

A curious spell of overconfidence seems to have invested the Verchères domain on this morning of Oct. 22, 1692. The seigneur was on duty at Quebec and Madame de Verchères was in Montreal. It had been a good season in spite of constant alarms which had hampered outdoor work. The fields were high with waving corn, the pumpkins were yellow, the melons ripe, and the trees laden with fruit. The settlers were in the fields, and their cheerful voices could be heard all over the cultivated area.

The 14-year-old daughter of the family, Madeleine, was at the river wharf, close to the main entrance of the fort. Laviolette was with her.

Suddenly they heard musket fire from the direction of the fields. Laviolette, with his greater height, could see more of what was happening than the girl. In panic, he cried, "Run, *mademoiselle*, run! The Iroquois!" She saw then the fields filling with naked, top-knotted warriors. They were screeching

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battle cries and killing the unarmed workers as fast as they could run them down.

As she ran, Madeleine's mind filled with supplications to God and the holy Virgin, mixed with thoughts of what might be done. There were only two soldiers in the fort, she knew, in addition to her two brothers, aged 12 and ten; a very old man, of 80 or thereabouts; and a number of women with infants.

Outside the gate were two weeping women who had seen their husbands cut down. It required a firm hand and a display of confidence by Madeleine to get them inside. She closed the gate herself, and drove the locking crossbeams into place.

She found the two soldiers in the blockhouse, which was safer than the somewhat dilapidated fort. One had hidden himself. The other was standing with a lighted fuse over a barrel of powder.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

The man answered in a quavering voice, "Light the powder and blow us all up."

"You are a miserable coward!" said the girl, driving him off.

She then proceeded to instill courage into the huddled group about her. They must fight as though they were all soldiers and numerous enough to hold the Indians off, she said; perhaps God, who was watching them as she

spoke, would send them help in time. Her two young brothers and then the soldiers, in shamefaced silence, went to the loopholes and began to fire. By running from one loophole to another, while the women loaded the guns for them, they could create the impression that a sizable garrison held the fort.

For a week, the defenders kept up their brave pretense. They slept at intervals only, and never at night. They stood guard in the bastion of the fort and at the loopholes in the blockhouse in the daytime, firing whenever a bronze face appeared. At night, they paced the platforms, crying "All's well!" at regular intervals. The Iroquois did not risk an attack.

During this week of strain the meager garrison took orders without question from the girl of 14. In the desperate moment when she had first seen the war party coming out of the woods she had ceased to be a child. An adult resolution had taken possession of her. Knowing the full weakness of her tiny band, she drove them with a fierce energy, and never allowed them a moment's ease. She slept little herself and ate cold scraps of food which the women prepared with an eye on the fields and the line of trees. She preached at them and prayed with them. She sometimes swayed unsteadily under the weight of her musket, her face grew wan, her eyes deep-sunken.

But never for a moment did she give way to her fears.

On the night of the seventh day, 40 men arrived from Montreal under command of Lieutenant de la Monnerie. They stopped at the landing, and hailed the fort, not knowing whether the defenders still held out but fearing very much that they would find the Iroquois in possession. Madeleine had been dozing with her head on a table, her gun still in her arms. She roused herself and mounted the bastion.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"It is La Monnerie, who comes to you with help."

In a voice which seemed for the first time to show emotion, Madeleine ordered the gate to be opened. Leaving one of the soldiers there to keep guard, she ventured out alone into the darkness. When she met the lieutenant on the path, she stopped and saluted him.

"Monsieur," she said in a voice high-pitched with the first hint of hysteria, "I surrender my arms to you."

She was ready to drop with fatigue but she remained a good commander to the end. Her first thought was for those who had shared with her the long vigil. Earnestly, she said to La Monnerie, "It is time to relieve them. We have not been off our guard for a week."

Her full name was Marie Madeleine Jarret de Verchères, and she was fourteen and a half years old when she thus earned for herself a place in Canadian history. She was summoned by the Marquis de Beauharnois, who held the post of governor when she was a young married woman, and told her story at his request, with proper dignity and simplicity.

She was treated with the consideration she had earned and given a pension, a small one. Her husband was Thomas Tardieu de la Naudiere, and she brought a number of children into the world. They lived in less dangerous times, and had no opportunity to emulate the deed of this remarkable girl who had become their mother.

Hopper Topped

A TEXAS RANCHER was visiting an Australian ranch. Pointing to a steer, he asked the owner how old it was. The reply was, "Two years."

"Why, we have yearlings in Texas that big," said the Texan.

Next he asked how much wool a sheep yielded. The response was, "Ten pounds."

"Texas sheep yield 15 pounds of wool," was the observation.

Just then a kangaroo hopped into sight. "What on earth is that critter?" the Texan exclaimed.

"Don't you have grasshoppers in Texas?" the Australian asked.

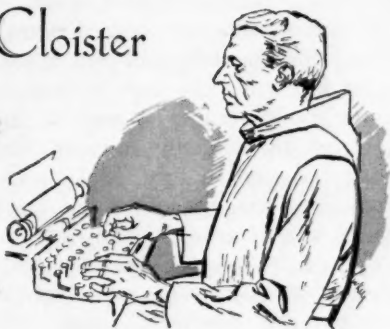
Alberta Wheat Pool Budget (18 June '54).

From Press Box to Cloister

*It was a long and rugged road, but
the reporter at last found what
God wanted of him*

By BROTHER DISMAS DREES, O.S.B.

Condensed from "Why I Became a Brother"*



Brother Dismas lived all his premonastic life in St. Louis. His varied background includes 13 years of sports writing as Donald H. Drees on the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the Star-Times; editing a magazine; radio writing; sales work; and advertising. One of his newspaper articles was included in the 1945 edition of the annual The Best Sports Stories of the Year, edited by staff members of the New York Herald-Tribune, and he has done considerable writing for magazines. Now, as a Benedictine Brother at Conception abbey, Conception, Mo., he is engaged in clerical work and correspondence in the monastery print shop, and assists with advertising and publicity.

I SLEPT LATE and went to one of the country clubs in the St. Louis suburbs, where I enjoyed a round of golf with three friends. A cool shower and cooler drinks at the 19th hole added a satisfying

touch. Then I dined at a fine restaurant before going to Sportsman's park to work, the pleasant, envied work of covering the St. Louis Cardinals, world champions, playing one of the National league teams that evening back in 1945.

As a sports writer representing the now deceased St. Louis *Star-Times*, I had one of those jobs which many businessmen would like to have even without pay. For nearly four years I'd had this choice assignment. At that moment of satisfaction, there was no way of sensing that I was less than eight very trying years away from monastic life.

Two years earlier, I had a violent salary quarrel with my newspaper. I won the fight, received \$600 in back pay, and a substantial raise in salary, and thus laid the groundwork for losing a precious career, a blessing in disguise. Shortly after the World Series in 1945, I was

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suddenly transferred from sports to the newsroom copy desk. I wasn't fitted for the job, and the executives knew it. The purpose was to force me to resign. I stayed on the job for 18 unhappy months, and then resigned in July, 1947, to try free-lance magazine writing, since I had had 14 articles published.

But I lacked patience and self-discipline, so free-lance writing did not pan out. Neither did short tries at selling, nor a job as vice-president of a small advertising agency.

Eventually, I took an excellent job as a field manager for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, calling on parish rectories and schools in eastern Missouri, half of Illinois, and a third of Kentucky. The DIGEST gave me sales training, so I caught on quite well.

It was during this phase of almost a year and a half that I began to turn more generously toward God. Even late in the free-lance period, I resumed the practice of daily Mass and Communion, which I had dropped during those independent newspaper days. The CATHOLIC DIGEST job made it easy to make several visits a day to the Blessed Sacrament. On these travels, I always took a spiritual-reading book with me. Since I had seen enough public entertainment to last two lifetimes, my evenings were spent in hotel rooms planning my work, doing at least a half-hour of spiritual reading, and sometimes even a bit of thinking.

In a year I'd worked myself into third place among the CATHOLIC DIGEST salesmen in the country. It was a pleasant job. It was truly a worth-while Catholic apostolate. But I wasn't happy. Still, I had no good explanation for my terrific inner tension and conflict.

After resigning, I sold vacuum cleaners door to door, to further my sales training and to keep busy. But I still wasn't happy. I had a feeling of going nowhere, of doing nothing worth while. I told myself that there must be something God wanted me to do.

In the fall of 1952 I tried to look back over my life to see where a false turn had been made and whether it was still possible to make some adjustment. My first look back focused on the year 1923, when, as oldest of nine children, I went from grade school into the St. Louis Preparatory seminary to become a priest. A year later, I switched to Christian Brothers High school, even though the priesthood idea remained alive. Upon graduating, I turned down a chance to play minor-league baseball to accept an athletic scholarship to play football, basketball, and baseball at St. Louis university.

A series of chats followed at the university to solve my vocation problem. Finally, in 1928, the Jesuit adviser told me that he didn't think I had a vocation and that I ought to put all thoughts of the priesthood out of mind. After an hour's

talk, I agreed. And I must say that I have never had a moment's regret since then over the decision.

I looked back, too, over 25 years of work, starting with summer jobs in a steel plant, climbing telephone poles, and cutting weeds in a subdivision. I made my beginning in sports writing in 1927 with the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Four years later, and still somewhat damp behind my journalistic ears, I resigned to become editor of a sports magazine which died eight months later of a common depression disease known as advertising anemia. Then followed three years at the St. Louis *Star-Times*, seven years in politics as secretary and publicist, including one year of writing a weekly radio program and occasionally appearing on it; nearly six more years with the *Star-Times*; and five varied years up to that moment, mostly in sales work.

Had I fumbled the ball by not marrying? This seemed doubtful. I had proposed to only one girl, and later was best man when she married one of my best friends. Mostly, it seems, the gals I wanted didn't want me, and those who did care for me didn't interest me enough. At any rate, in that freelance writing venture, I had set up an index book of all the persons I'd known, as a file of characters, because characters make short stories. Now, I counted the names of these girls. When I realized that I'd been out with more than 300

girls and had had at least 1,000 dates (and thought of all the money spent on them), it suddenly seemed to add up that marriage wasn't for me!

What was bothering me? I no longer had any desire for sports, parties, night clubs, cocktail lounges, swank meals, big-shot affairs. When I lost all my money and found myself \$2,000 in debt God helped me discover a truer sense of values.

What, then, did offer me enjoyment? Simple things: a walk, symphonic music, reading, quiet, a peaceful battle of wits at cards while enjoying snacks and a few beers. But my happiest moments in the last couple of years seemingly had been in church: attending daily Mass and receiving Holy Communion; making the Way of the Cross (a devotion that can make one do a lot of thinking); making visits in which spiritual reading presented new thoughts and opened new doors. Then there was the recollection of the wonderful peace experienced on occasional week-end retreats at the Layman's Retreat house near St. Louis.

I had found peace and contentment mostly in keeping company with God. But any thought of Religious life at my age seemed absurd. In addition, such thinking was made fuzzy by the little that I knew about Religious life, even though I have a sister who has been a nun for 14 years, and despite the fact that all in our family were

given good Catholic educations by devout parents in a home where extra devotions were as common as our nightly family Rosary.

Hence, in November, 1952, I decided to give up thoughts of marriage, concentrate on leading a more spiritual life, and study the field of the lay apostolate to see if there wasn't something that I could do.

Strangely enough, after that general decision, things happened quickly, though it still is impossible for me to pin down exactly when I became definitely aware of a true vocation.

Pamphlets and advertising led me to consider the life of a Brother. After a while, my strongest leanings seemed to be toward the Trappists, Passionists, and Benedictines, in that order, with the Jesuits as the "ace in the hole"; and I wanted more information on four other Communities.

Meanwhile, Father Dominic Lavan, O.S.B., of the Benedictine abbey at Conception, Mo., wrote that he would be in St. Louis on Jan. 4, 1953, to enroll oblates. I decided to have a talk with him. I expected solemn pontifical holiness, and was put at ease with a wisecrack. He indicated that the decision lay between the Trappists and Benedictines. Then I accepted his suggestion to eliminate the Trappists because at my age I might find adjustment to their severe life too hard.

That left a final question: why

go to Conception in preference to any other Benedictine house? He had a simple answer. He had been happy at Conception abbey for 25 years. Why should I not come up and look the place over? What was there to lose? He was returning the next day; I decided to go also, and drove him there.

We arrived in time for supper on the eve of Epiphany; and while I had expected only a couple of small buildings, I was surprised to find such a large Community, dominated by the monastery for 150 monks and the two seminary buildings.

Later that evening, I visited the basilica, where the monks chanted Compline. The spiritual warmth of the semidarkened, 80-year-old basilica, as well as the contentment I felt upon hearing for the first time the centuries-old Gregorian chant, gave me a feeling of wanting to say "This is home."

The next morning's solemn pontifical Mass, sung by the 250 seminarians and the 80 choir monks, was a tremendously moving experience, which continued to affect me throughout the rest of the day. Each hour added to my growing conviction that I wanted this life. But still I resisted.

The following day, I prayed and meditated before the Blessed Sacrament. My feeling of tranquil happiness kept growing. That night while lying in bed I tried to think things out further. Suddenly I could

hold back no longer, and tears rolled down my face for the first time in many, many years. I gave in completely. "Yes, Lord, this is it, if you want me! It is so good to be here!"

The next day, Father Abbot accepted me. A month later, a new life began for me along the lines laid out by St. Benedict in his famous Rule 1,400 years ago. I have never had a desire to return to the world, nor a moment's regret at leaving it. My only regret is that this couldn't have happened many, many years ago.

I've found nothing that was demanded of me too difficult. I had expected austere strictness; I found humor, patience, and considerateness. I had half expected a large number of intellectual sourpusses, and found refreshing, down-to-earth, lighthearted men. I expected something approaching religious fanaticism, and discovered normal, almost casual, behavior. Instead of finding that I had too much work, I wanted more time to do more.

Where I had expected an overload of too many and too long religious exercises, I knew days when I wondered if I was being very religious at all. Gradually, I learned the simple truth that every moment can be made a religious moment by the true Religious.

After doing a dozen different jobs in the first few months, I've been working in the print shop for more than a year, writing letters, processing orders, doing bookkeeping and filing, and otherwise assisting around the monastery. I have come to see that almost any ability a man has can be put to good use in Religious life. If a man can decide that he loves God so much that he'll do the best he can at any job he is given, even if it's washing dishes, he won't have a bit of trouble.

What's more, he will experience a happiness he never knew before. And if he'll seriously try to examine the Religious life, he will quite likely discover a Community that was "just made for him."

» » « «

But Who'll Be the Judge?

RECENTLY TWO Baton Rouge, La., gentlemen made a bet that will net the winner better than \$2 billion. But it won't do either of them any good.

The wager came off when J. D. Stotler put up \$2.50 against a like amount by R. E. Collins in support of the former's belief that Louisiana's capitol building would stand the wear and tear of time for 500 years. The \$5 stakes was invested at 4%; then the two men signed a contract which calls for the money—\$2,084,495,605.22—to be paid (in 2453) to the heirs of the winner.

Vern Clifton.

ment to their severe life too hard.
'That left a final question: why

while lying in bed I tried to think things out further. Suddenly I could

My Fight With a Tuna

*He headed for the big deep, and nearly
took me with him*

By BERT BROWN as told to HELEN WILSON
Condensed from *Fortnight**

I WAS FACE to face with a mighty blue-fin tuna, deep in the Gulf of California. I was skin diving, in May, 1953, off Las Cruces, Mexico, when I met the tuna, one of the most powerful game fish in the sea.

I had been stalking a black sea bass, when a great wall of fish appeared before me, completely blocking my view. As the new fish turned and moved slowly toward me, I saw a monstrous eye. The eye was as big and as round as the six-inch glass in my face plate, and its glassy stare was horrifying. The eye seemed to reflect a greenish, ghastly light.

Four of us had come down to Las Cruces, myself and Barron Hilton, Geary Steffen, and John Monroe. I had put on my aqua-

lung and other gear, picked up my spear gun, and jumped from the rugged coastal cliff.

I started swimming out under water at a depth of about 15 feet. Looking down, I got a feeling of terror, then awe. Suddenly things started to take shape; I saw hundreds of fish. There were radiantly colored parrot fish, which seemed to reflect rainbow hues around them in prismatic-like rays of purples, greens, reds, and yellows. Huge manta rays were moving about, and white sea bass, individual groupers, and many others.

The curious appearance of a man in the sea and the bubbles from the aqua-lung seemed to attract all of the fish for yards around. They moved cautiously for a closer look, so close I could have touched them.



*748 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 46, and 68 Post St., San Francisco 4, Calif. Oct. 20, 1954.
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MY FIGHT WITH A TUNA

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I went down some 70 feet. There, I attracted a sluggish black sea bass. Its scales are thick and its hide is tough. When caught, such fish brace themselves under rocks, and it is most difficult to bring them in. This wasn't the fish I wanted.

But it was a Big Fish, so I readied my spear gun and took aim. Just then, the tuna appeared. I knew that behind its great eye was the biggest fish I had ever encountered.

I judged it to be eight or nine feet long. It was bluish above, flecked with sparkling silver, and gray below. It approached me fearlessly, and was now no more than three feet away. I was petrified.

Finally, I snapped out of it. I aimed my spear gun and fired. In my excitement, I missed the vital organs, and the spear lodged itself in the meaty part of the body just below the head.

Blood started streaming from the spear wound. In a split second, the mighty tuna took off for deeper water. My hand had tightened to a frozen grip on the spear gun. The great fish was towing me. The powerful pull made me feel as though I were on water skis.

All the fish around had come to watch the bloody spectacle. They were utterly fearless. There were hundreds of larger fish around me, and they would brush past my body as they came to get a closer look at the big, wounded fellow.

Now the deeper water was causing an excruciating pressure on my

head. Breathing became hard. My one-hour oxygen supply had been quickly used up because of the added exertion caused by my excitement.

I knew then that I would have to give up My Fish. I made ready to cut the spear line. But before I could do so, my face plate collapsed; and the pressure on my face was so great that my eyes felt as though they were being pulled from their sockets.

Then the breathing tube slipped out of my mouth. I let go of the spear gun without cutting the line.

Reaching the surface only added to my discomfort. I found myself being pitched around like a match box. The 40-pound weight of the aqua-lung held me well under the water. The shore was 500 yards away.

I tried to loosen the lung belt. But I had fastened it incorrectly, and I grew weaker with each try. Then I thought of the knife in my belt, and I tried to cut the gear loose.

But the knife was too dull and rusty and the canvas belt was thick and wet. I was sick from swallowing sea water. I felt sure I was going to drown.

"It would be useless to call for help," I thought. The other members of the fishing party were at least 800 yards away by now, and hidden from sight behind a cove.

But something prompted me, and I called out as loudly as I

could. I had never heard my voice so small and weak.

How it was heard at such a great distance will forever be a mystery to me. But God was watching over me, and the wind carried my voice. John Monroe heard me.

As I waited out the frightful minutes, I thought about man's fight against an unconquerable sea. What a desolate way to die! I am an expert swimmer; I have practically lived in the water all my life. Now, I felt the water claim me.

I was bobbing like a buoy in a storm. Each breath seemed to be my last. I must have treaded water for at least 30 minutes. The aqua-lung grew heavier, and it was becoming more and more difficult to fight my way back to the surface.

Behind the rocky cove, Geary and Barron had been preparing to enter the water to try their luck at spearing fish. When John shouted to them after hearing my cry, they threw aside their gear and started swimming around the cove. But the enormous swells of the sea hid me from view. They turned back.

Then John Monroe's ingenuity saved my life. He scrambled to the highest point of the cliff, sighted me, and directed the other men.

Geary was the first to reach me. He was breathing hard.

"Bert, I don't think I can make it," he said, "I'm all in."

"Go back, then," I told him. "Let me go, and try to save yourself."

But Geary stayed. He tried to cut the wet canvas belt with the rusty knife, but failed. Then he was forced to turn back.

I thought about the courage of these men who would risk their lives to save me. Few men would have ventured out so far in so rough a sea.

Then Barron was there. I was in a state of semishock by now, but I tried to tell him to go back.

Barron wouldn't listen. He had had the foresight to wear his face mask, which permitted him to work under water. After several attempts, he opened my belt and got the gear off my back. Then, somehow, the three men got me ashore.

Days later, the natives found My Fish, which had been washed up on the shore some five miles down the beach. The spear was still in its body, the spear gun still attached to the line. The tuna had been half eaten by sharks, but what remained of it tipped the scales at 230 pounds.

TWO SCIENTISTS are reported to have come up with an earthquake detector that goes off like an alarm clock. What is really needed is an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake.

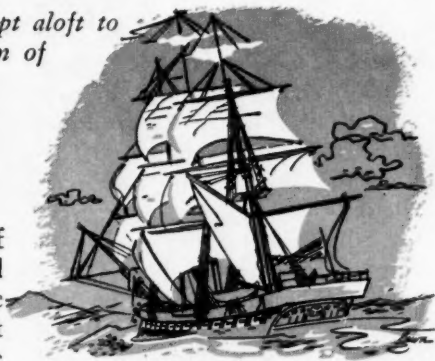
The Liguorian (Nov. '54).

Five Old Ships Live On

*Their tattered ensigns will be kept aloft to
teach our youth the heroism of
their forefathers*

By TED SAMMON

Condensed from *All Hands**



FOUR OLD SHIPS are sailing out of the U.S. navy, leaving behind them a wake of glory from the Barbary coast to Manila bay that will ride the tides as long as there is salt in the sea. A fifth vessel, replica of the sailing-ship days, will be restored and remain with the navy. Under Public Law 523, passed by the 83rd Congress, the navy is disposing of the *Constellation*, *Hartford*, *Olympia*, and *Oregon*.

Within a year, the old frigate *Constellation* will be delivered to citizen groups of Baltimore, Md., while the *Hartford* will be towed to Mobile, Ala. The steam vessels *Olympia* and *Oregon* were headed for the scrap pile until the navy granted them a six-month reprieve, during which period any city, state, or civic group that wishes to offer them a haven can do so.

The same law also provides for the U.S. frigate *Constitution* at Boston, giving the navy authority to repair, equip, and restore her, as far as practicable, to original condition. The *Constitution* will not

be on active service, but it will be the navy's responsibility to maintain her hereafter.

Enemy guns, storms at sea, and even the slow attack of time has failed to sink these relics, but they are old and weary. The *Constitution*, one of the most successful and famous navy ships ever to sail the seas, was authorized by Congress in 1794. Launched in 1797, she first went to sea under command of Capt. Samuel Nickerson in 1798. Her frame was made of live oak and red cedar, and her decks of pitch pine from Georgia and South Carolina. Paul Revere, one of the best metalsmiths of his day as well as a famous equestrian, made the bolts, spikes, rudder braces, blocks and dovetails, and the bell.

In 1803, the *Constitution* sailed against the Barbary pirates, and after the outbreak of the War of

*Bureau of Naval Personnel, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. October, 1954. Reprinted with permission.

1812 started to sea under the command of Capt. Isaac Hull. Off the Atlantic coast she fell in with a British squadron of six ships, and made her escape in one of the most dramatic chases in naval history. On Aug. 19, 1812, the *Constitution*, with Hull still in command, defeated the British ship *Guerriere*.

Before her fighting days were over, the *Constitution* had won three of the greatest battles ever fought by a single ship. She was declared unseaworthy in 1830, and would have been dismantled had

not public opinion been aroused by "Old Ironsides," a poem glorifying the ship, written by a 21-year-old Harvard student named Oliver Wendell Holmes. When printed in the Boston *Advertiser*, "Old Ironsides" not only saved the frigate from the scrap heap but also established Holmes' reputation as a poet.

Congress appropriated the necessary funds; *Old Ironsides* was rebuilt in 1833, and became the flagship of the Mediterranean squadron. Twenty-odd years later, in 1855, the *Constitution* was finally

The Grave of the "Monitor"

THE watery grave that claimed the *Monitor*, following its epic victory over the Confederate *Merrimac* in March, 1862, remains a mystery. All the world knows how the little *Monitor* met the more heavily armed *Merrimac* off Hampton Roads, Va., and forced the pride of the Confederate navy to withdraw from one of history's unique naval battles. Yet few know the fate of this valiant little craft.

Some months after its victory, the *Monitor* ran into a heavy storm off Cape Hatteras. She foundered and sank, leaving no survivor to give an account of the tragedy. The date of the catastrophe was officially set as Dec. 31, 1862, but even the approximate resting place of the ship remained unknown.

In 1947, a U. S. navy patrol ship observed the outline of a sunken vessel on its radar screen. Contour and dimensions corresponded to the *Monitor's*. Many persons believed that the historic ship's grave had at last been found, and plans were made to salvage the wreck for a museum piece.

Last September, divers probed the sunken hulk. But they failed to determine whether or not the wreck they inspected was actually the *Monitor*, and the effort was abandoned. Maritime experts doubt that the *Monitor's* hulk is still intact. Others, familiar with the Hatteras "graveyard of ships," say that a salvage expedition into the congested bottom would find the job as difficult as looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Russell Newbold.

laid up at Portsmouth, N.H., where for many years she was used as a training ship.

Since 1897 the famous frigate has spent most of her time at the Boston Navy yard, almost in the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument. The navy will spend about \$390,000 to fit her out again and maintain her as a commissioned ship, though not in an active duty status.

Unfortunately, the frigate *Constellation*, which lies in a berth just across the pier from her, hasn't fared so well. Though rebuilt several times, this old veteran is now little more than a hulk, mastless, worm-eaten, and held together by supporting timbers and a "cat's cradle" of steel-cable bracings.

Contrary to popular belief, the *Constitution* and *Constellation* were not sister ships. Although launched within 44 days of each other in 1797, they were constructed from different plans. The *Constitution* and *Constellation* were but two of six frigates authorized in 1794 by Congress.

The *Constitution* was about 12 feet longer and three or four feet wider than the *Constellation*. Also, the *Constitution* was rated as a "44-gun" ship; the *United States* and *President* were her sister ships. The *Constellation* was rated a "36"; her sister ship was the *Congress*.

The *Constellation's* first contribution to naval history took place on Feb. 9, 1799, in the West Indies,

during naval hostilities with France. Under Commodore Thomas Truxton she defeated the French frigate *Insurgente* in a sharp engagement.

Again on Feb. 1 and 2, 1800, during the same naval war with France, the *Constellation*, heading for Guadeloupe, encountered the French frigate *Vengeance*. Truxton ordered his gunners to aim at the hull of the enemy ship. The French commander fired repeatedly into the American ship's rigging, to disable her. The battle lasted five hours, and the French suffered about four times the losses of the Americans. The *Constellation's* mainmast finally fell, and the French escaped into the darkness.

Another ship that will also be moving to a new "home" is the *Hartford*, a wooden, unarmored sloop-of-war built at Boston in 1858. She is going back to Mobile bay, where she gained fame during the Civil war.

It was Aug. 5, 1864, when the three-masted, high-funneled, steam-and-sail warship wrote this chapter in America's history books. The Confederates had protected the narrow port of the channel not only with forts, but also with a double line of torpedoes (mines). They left free of obstruction only a narrow passage for their own blockade runners.

That day Commodore David Farragut with his fleet of four ironclads and 14 wooden ships steamed up the bay in the early morning.

The ironclads were abreast of the wooden ships and closer to shore, while the wooden ships were lashed together in pairs. The *Tecumseh* led the inner column; the *Brooklyn* led the wooden-ship column, followed by the *Hartford*, commanded by Captain Drayton. The *Hartford* was tethered to the *Metacomet*, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Jouett.

Early in the engagement, the *Tecumseh*, a monitor which was leading the Federal fleet in the port column, went down with nearly all hands after a "torpedo" exploded under her. For a time there was considerable confusion in the Federal fleet. The *Brooklyn*, which was directly ahead of the *Hartford*, wavered, stopped, and began to back up. Commodore Farragut, in the rigging of the *Hartford*, hailed her to find out what the trouble was.

"Torpedoes ahead," replied the *Brooklyn* captain.

"Damn the torpedoes!" shouted Farragut. "Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed."

The Federal fleet went on to capture the forts and defeat one ironclad ram and four gunboats.

Now the *Hartford* will return to the scene of her triumph, where she will be restored and maintained by the citizens of Mobile.

Standing by at Philadelphia, awaiting further orders that will determine her fate, is the *Olympia*.

This ship was built at San Francisco at the then enormous cost of \$1,796,000. Her keel was laid in June, 1891; she was launched on Nov. 5, 1892, and put into commission on Feb. 5, 1895.

On April 27, 1896, as Commodore George Dewey's flagship, the *Olympia* led an American squadron out of China, and set her course for Manila, 600 miles to the southeast. As ordered in a coded cable sent from Washington, they were off to face the Spanish fleet in the Philippine Islands.

Upon arrival at the Philippines they anchored outside the harbor until nightfall. Then at midnight, under the cover of darkness and a thunder squall, the *Olympia* led the fleet into the harbor. All lights had been masked, but sparks from the smokestacks were seen from the beach. The Spanish shore batteries opened up, firing three or four shots. After that, all was quiet, and the squadron of six American ships entered Manila bay.

Once inside the harbor, the American ships cut their speed and waited for dawn. At sunrise, Dewey was surprised to find the Spanish fleet standing off in what was considered a vulnerable position. To protect the citizens of Manila from bombardment, the Spaniards had not sought shelter from their shore guns but were anchored at the end of the bay.

In the battle that followed, the Spaniards turned out to be no

match for the American vessels. By noon every one of the Spanish ships had been sunk or was in flames. The victory was one of the most brilliant in naval history.

Although the Manila battle was Olympia's greatest claim to fame, she is also remembered as the ship that brought the Unknown Soldier home for burial in Arlington cemetery after the 1st World War.

Today the gallant *Olympia* lies quietly in the Philadelphia Navy yard. She needs numerous repairs, and visitors are no longer permitted aboard. Some city may offer her a home. If not, she will be turned into scrap. In any event, while her fate is uncertain, her fame is not.

Also standing by to learn her fate is the USS *Oregon*. She was launched at San Francisco Oct. 26, 1893, and commissioned July 15, 1896. She is 351 feet, 2 inches long, with a beam of 69 feet, three inches. She was rated a 1st class protected cruiser in her day, and cost \$3,180,000.

The opening of the War with Spain found the *Oregon* at Rio de Janeiro. She had left the port of Callao, Peru, the first week of April, 1898; reached Rio de Janeiro April 30; and Barbados on May 18. She was thus able to join the North Atlantic squadron in its operations against the Spaniards.

It was a long and remarkably successful voyage: 68 days at sea, 14,000 nautical miles with a speed averaging 11.6 knots (exclusive of nine days spent in port), which required 4,100 tons of coal. It was a performance unprecedented in battleship history and was the naval sensation of the day.

Today the *Oregon* is in Apra harbor, Guam. She was towed there in 1944 with a 1,400-ton load of explosives, and was used during the 2nd World War as a dynamite barge.

Regardless of their ultimate fate, the foundation laid by these invincible old ships has gone far toward enabling the U.S. navy to grow into the greatest fleet in the world.



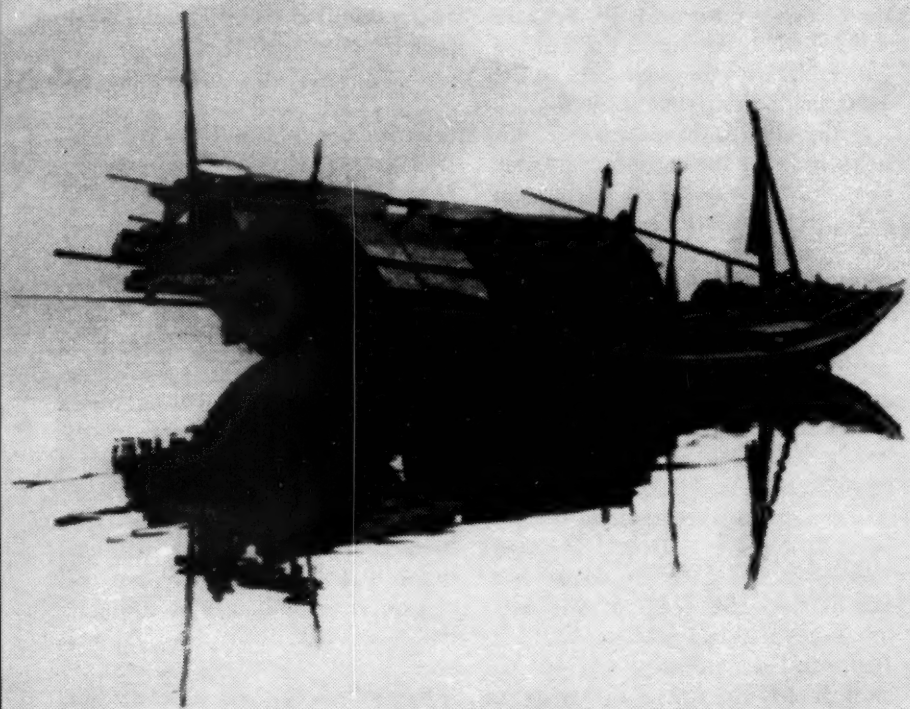
When the Heat Is On . . .

THE ARMY sent the Union Pacific railway a telegram during the 2nd World War ordering the road to have a spur laid at a certain place down South within 48 hours. The message was duly relayed by President William Jeffers to the road's representative there.

Back came the reply, "With the temperature 105 in the shade it will take at least four days to do the job."

When the wire was handed to Jeffers, he immediately wired back: "What are you doing in the shade?"

B. C. Forbes.



Even the wind is sleeping in the misty dawn around this sampan.

CHINA'S BOAT PEOPLE



Countless thousands of Chinese awaken to a new day on boats like these. If ropes tangle while the men haul up the sails, one of them shinnies up the mast to clear the lines. Note the fishing nets drying from the yardarm of the boat at the left.

By MARK TENNIEN, M.M.

As MY little sampan taxi nosed through the water lanes and alleys of the boat cities to get this picture story, it churned up reminiscences. The tail oar, fanning the water like a lazy fish, gave me a rock-a-bye ride and brought dreams of forbidden China, where old mission hands have traveled

thousands of miles in such boats.

It recalled the sturdy sampans that carried me upstream for days, on mission trips to villages of the far interior. The boat owner and his older children walked along the bank, harnessed to a long tow rope that pulled the boat against the current. Often the mother in the



stern of the sampan had an infant strapped to her back. She pushed a heavy oar with two or three steps forward to lighten the tow labor. Where her bare feet dragged back for another heave, a deep polished groove was worn in the floor. Between strokes, her foot moved the rudder stick right or left.

Sampan journeys were pleasant and restful. Missioners sat on grass mats under a bamboo awning that was arched like a cloister walk. Water lapped the boat and raw-hide straps crunched rhythmically against the wooden oar-post. It was easy to read, study or slumber. Youngsters, with bamboo lifesaver



tubes strapped to their shoulders, played, quarreled, or talked with the passenger on their boat castle, candidly pointing out his pale skin and his big nose.

When the breeze is lazy the pagans among the boat people burn joss sticks in petition for good winds.

The boat people through the years mingled with land dwellers in trade and business. Some of them even deserted their boat homes to live on land, just as some land dwellers became seafaring boat people. But, in general, they are clannish, and rarely intermarry with the land folk.

Compared with the number of Chinese land residents who became converts, a much smaller percentage of boat people have embraced Christianity. Perhaps it is because of their nomadic life or their clannish conservatism. But they are famed for their honesty and are deeply religious. Boat travelers in China have noted the ancestor tablets, the bowls of burning joss sticks, the shrine, and other manifestations of worship on every boat. But Catholic missionaries are struck with a curious coincidence: the boat people's most exalted patron is a "Queen of Heaven" (not the blessed Virgin). Her name is carved on every boat shrine. Tribute and offerings are made to this "Holy Mother" for fair weather, good fishing, and in gratitude for favors.





Small fry welcome an occasional day
with no wind so they can play ashore.

An anchor awash in the
soft sand of the bay beck-
ons this carefree lad to new
adventure. ↓



It matters not that this Holy Mother has grown out of legend and myth—a fisherman's daughter whose lone boat was saved from disaster by some reported "miracle." Their devotion marks their faith as one of richer quality; but this, of course, is the hallmark of every devout Catholic. Those boat people have the foundation of a great devotion; and when God's grace turns the rudder of their religion in the direction of the true Queen of Heaven, these practiced ardent devotees of the legendary queen will pour the full force of fervor to God through His Son's Holy Mother.

In a convent dispensary near the bay, Sisters treat hundreds of boat people each day. "Only a little fever," Sister assures the boy's mother.

Condensed from Mission Bulletin, Oct., 1954, King's Bldg., Hong Kong. Copyright 1954 by Mission Bulletin. U.S. agents: Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, N. Y. Annual subscription: \$5.

The men row ashore to work in factories or as coolies near the docks.

↓





In the afternoon, the mission sampans zigzag through the boat city with Sisters who care for the sick.

- Toward the end of the day Catholic families gather to pray before their boat shrines. ↓

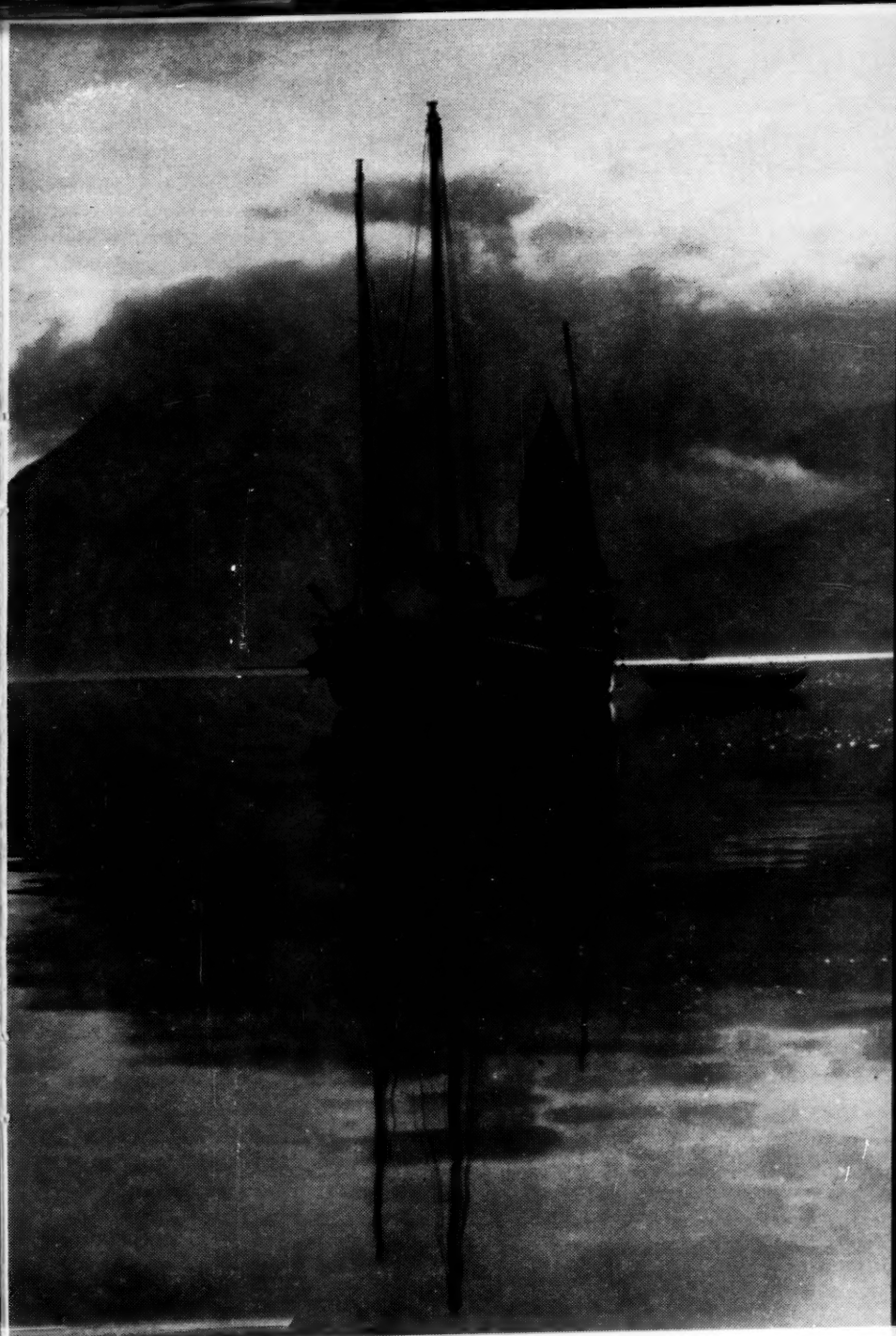




Hundreds of fishing junks are moored in typhoon shelters like this.

The younger men work as dock hands until the sun begins to set. At dusk the men return from shore. Soon the flickering oil lamps will go out, and China's boat cities will be wrapped in slumber.





Colors Make You Mad or Glad

*They can affect your appetite,
sales resistance, and the
strength of your arm*

By WILLIAM E. MILES

Condensed from *Today's Health**

THE ATHLETIC director of the University of New Mexico wasn't trying to be funny when he ordered his football team's dressing room painted in bright red and their opponent's quarters in pale blue pastels. He was simply using smart color psychology. Scientists, busy unlocking the secrets of the rainbow, have unearthed some amazing facts about color. They have proved that red colors are warm and stimulating while their blue-green opposites are cool and relaxing.

Blue can be a real emotional sedative. Some hospitals have found that patients recover more quickly if they are placed in blue rooms following major surgery. Blue rooms are sometimes used to quiet violent inmates of mental hospitals.

The right shade of yellow can produce a sensation of sunlight and warmth, but just a slight change in shading can cause a feeling of nausea. Commercial airlines many years

ago abandoned interior decorations in yellow because certain shades encouraged airsickness. For the same reason, yellow foods should be avoided during air or ocean voyages. Yellow is an excellent color, however, where "food for thought" is concerned. Research shows that the grades of school children rise noticeably when their study rooms are redecorated in yellow.

One student of color, Howard Ketchum, declares, "Whether we realize it or not, color can lower our sales resistance, make us feel hot or cold, gloomy or gay. It can affect our personality and mental outlook quite as definitely as a sleepless night, a cold in the head or a good square meal."

Ketchum tells the story of a New York manufacturer who redecorated the cafeteria of his factory in light blue. The women employes soon began to complain that the cafeteria was chilly. Some of them even started wearing their coats to lunch. The plant engineer protested that the temperature was thermostatically controlled and that the cafeteria was just as warm as the rest of the factory. But the complaints continued. A color engineer was called in. He ordered the baseboards repainted orange, had orange slip covers placed on the chairs—and the complaints ceased.

Workers in another factory said that they were straining their backs

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. November, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the American Medical association, and reprinted with permission.

lifting black metal boxes. Over the week end, the ingenious foreman had the boxes repainted pale green. The following Monday several of the workmen exclaimed about the ease of lifting "these new lightweight boxes." Dark-colored objects almost invariably seem heavier than light-colored ones.

Green and red seem to have the most marked physiological effects. Dr. Gilbert Brighthouse, of Occidental college in Los Angeles, recorded the muscular responses of several hundred students under the influence of red and green lights. He found that their reactions were faster than usual under a red light, while green light actually retarded their reactions.

Most people tend to overestimate the passage of time under the influence of red and underestimate it under the influence of green or blue. This was shown in experiments with two groups of salesmen. The first group, divested of watches, was ushered into a red room for a conference. At its close, they were asked to guess how long the meeting had lasted. The average estimate was six hours. Actually it had lasted just half that time! A similar poll was conducted among a group of salesmen conferring in a light-blue room. All thought they had spent less time than they actually had.

Color is an integral part of our daily life, from the green of the grass to the blue of the sky. Even

our language is liberally sprinkled with colorful phrases we use to express emotions, such as "seeing red" or "green with envy." Certain qualities have been associated with specific colors. Black, for instance, is the traditional color of tragedy and death. In the Middle Ages, suicides from Blackfriar's bridge, a gloomy black structure in the heart of London, declined by a third when it was repainted bright green.

The effect of color on digestion as the result of such thought association was dramatically demonstrated by Samuel G. Hibbon, an illumination engineer. He invited several guests to a table set with tempting foods. Each guest had a good appetite—until the group was seated and Hibbon pushed a button. The dining room was flooded with specially designed lights. As a result, the juicy brown steaks looked gray; the crisp celery turned pink; the coffee was transformed into a sickly yellow. Most of the guests couldn't eat a thing.

The importance of color in business and industry was shown when a Chicago packing house boosted sales by changing the yellow wall color of its display rooms. Aware that each color has its specific afterimage, color engineers pointed out that the yellow created a gray afterimage which robbed the meat of its natural redness. They advised painting the walls green, because the contrasting afterimage would make the meat look redder than

ever. Sales tripled in a few days.

Scientific tests have demonstrated that color is a prime factor in the sale of practically every commodity on the market today. When frozen foods first appeared they were packaged in ice-green or snow-blue containers with pictures of Eskimos or igloos or other Arctic designs. They didn't attract the eye of the average housewife, however, until they were re-packaged in warmer colors that suggested the appetizing appearance of the re-heated food.

As for home decoration, Faber Birren, a pioneer color engineer, contends that living-room walls should be painted in soft dark hues to show off beautiful furniture to the best advantage.

Birren also points out that dining rooms decorated in soft peach colors produce the best appetites, particularly if they are accented with other edible colors such as lettuce green or apple red. Cool colors are his choice for bedrooms, because such colors actually reduce the blood pressure and induce relaxation. Rose, salmon, or similar flesh tones make the best background for singing in the bathtub, according to Birren, because these hues reflect a rosy light and give the bather a sense of healthy well-being.

Selecting the proper colors to suit your changing personal moods is more difficult. Suppose you feel depressed and in need of a bright en-

vironment for an emotional lift? Then suppose that by tomorrow you're brimming over with exciting plans that require the sedative effect of pale blue? Well, the Color Research Institute of America has a partial solution to this problem: keep changing your colors with your moods!

That's easy enough in clothing, and it can be done also in your surroundings. Keep the walls gray or some other neutral shade and use spots of color in pictures, slip covers or hangings that can easily be changed.

To get the right colors to go with the outfit that suits your mood, the institute has a good suggestion. Take a sheet of black paper or cardboard, cut out a two to four-inch square, look at the color of your outfit through this "window" for about 30 seconds, and then look at a blank sheet of white paper. The color that appears on the paper will be the afterimage—a complement of the original color.

This afterimage effect can cause complication, too, as in the case of a young mother who was caring for her sick baby. After sewing for some time on a blanket, she glanced over at the crib—to find that the baby's face had turned green. Her hysterical phone call summoned a doctor, who soon reassured her that the baby's apparent color was simply the afterimage from the blanket—which was bright red!

My Uncle, Mr. Gannon

He taught me the meaning of integrity

By A. M. D. GANNON

Condensed from the *Family Digest**

WHEN I WAS a kid we had plenty of heroes to pick from—General Pershing, Big Jess Willard, William S. Hart. But mine was my uncle. Every day on my way home from school I'd call, "Hello, uncle," at the top of my voice, and run to him.

He would stand up huge in front of me, his blue eyes sparkling, and laughter would well up from deep inside him. "Hello, my boy," he'd say, and rest his hand on my head, comfortable as a cap. His face was always shaved and shining and sometimes so red and clean it looked as if it hurt.

He was very good at handling report cards. He would see the good grades first, and later get his head down close to mine and suggest good ways to bring up the poor marks.

When I had tri-

umphs, I always told him about them first. I remember how he received the news that I was selected to recite the *Gettysburg Address* before the school assemblage. His eyes seemed to be seeing great things: "A man has to be able to stand up on his own two feet and speak his piece."

The other kids sometimes teased me about my uncle being a street sweeper—mostly the poorer kids,

like myself, but I knew they respected him. The wealthy ones, like Tom McGowan, the fire chief's son, and Irwin Joyce, whose father owned a hardware store, always tipped their caps, and said, "How d'y' do, Mr. Gannon." Everybody, except a couple of the straw bosses in the street department, called him Mr. Gannon.

I knew, of course,



*Huntington, Ind. August, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

that my uncle hadn't always been a street sweeper. He had been a boss, before my time. I had heard, in the family talk, how a change in politics had put some of his friends out of jobs, and reduced others to lesser jobs. But my uncle wasn't humiliated just because his job happened to change.

It seemed as if he did his work without hardly trying. Come sunshine, rain, or snow, his streets were always clean, and he did a lot of extra things, like cleaning out the grids of the storm sewers with a slender stick so that they wouldn't clog when the first rains came. This kept basements from getting flooded, he said.

One time he was a witness to an accident. An elderly lady had been thrown to the pavement when a streetcar started up suddenly. Uncle got her to the hospital. Later he made his report. When she tried to recover damages, two of the company's men came out to chat, and asked him how he would like to go to work for the traction company.

"Don't tell me you're not going to give that woman what she has coming," he warned them. That put an end to the chat. A few days later the woman received her settlement.

Uncle was active in many organizations, and I remember a big politician telling my mother, "When Mr. Gannon has something to say, they all sit up and

take notice." That made me proud.

He stood by his convictions, even though they might not be popular. During the 1st World War, when we changed hamburger to Liberty steak, and stopped teaching German in some of our schools, uncle kept his head. He stood up in his organizations and defended our loyal citizens who were being abused because of birth or accent.

And they never forgot him. One old German finally paid me a disputed bill, only after he discovered my relationship. "I pay you because Mr. Gannon's nephew couldn't be a cheat," he declared.

My uncle dwelt with my Aunt Mary and his son and daughter in a white house far enough out of town to have an acre of garden and some fruit trees.

I like to remember Aunt Mary's chicken dinners, when friends and the family got together. If the political talk got hot, uncle might bring his big fist down upon the table to emphasize his point. Before dark they'd light the kerosene lamps, and after the dishes were done, my cousins would get out the albums, and we'd look at pictures.

I was in the 7th grade the winter my uncle came down with pneumonia. When I saw his mighty body almost lost in the hospital bed and his ashen face I turned to my mother. "Is he dying?" I asked.

"We'll have to pray," she said.

I prayed for days, and every time I prayed a fullness came behind my mouth and my eyes burned with unshed tears. I can't recall all the things I promised God, but when I again visited uncle he looked much better.

It was at this time that my cousins set their eyes on a fine house in the good residential section, and got Aunt Mary interested. Uncle had hardly recovered, but he signed the papers. Then, in a few short years my cousins married and went their way, and auntie and uncle rattled around in the big house and paid off the mortgage.

Eventually, it proved to be a fortunate investment. They took over the raising of my cousin's son after her husband died, and the boy grew up in a fine big house. Some years after my aunt died, uncle was able to sell out at a respectable gain.

During the hard years, when they were counting every penny, my uncle found a wallet. It contained almost \$2,000 in currency, and no identification. Uncle took it to his bank, and in a short time it was restored to the owner. Uncle wouldn't take a reward. The papers published the story.

At that time, I was going to school, and making my living by washing dishes, hopping bells, or whatever else I could find to do. My mother sent me the clipping. My uncle had done just what I

would expect. Bud, my roommate, inquired about the piece from the paper.

"My uncle found some money," I said, handing over the clipping.

"Quite a chunk of dough," he said after he had read it. "Too bad he didn't turn it over to you—like a scholarship. You'd be able to get your A.B."

That was absurd. "No," I said, laughing. "He's honest."

"You don't get it," he started explaining. "There's quite an angle here. Finder's right, or something—I read about it somewhere." He had a shyster look in his eyes. "Anyway, I'll bet a lawyer could work it around so that he could hang on to most of it."

"Uncle doesn't look at things that way," I said, and let it go at that.

"How do you look at it?" Bud fixed me with a bold stare.

His attitude galled me, but I didn't want to appear ignorant of any rights I might have. "I suppose I'd try and find the owner," I parried, to avoid the "holier than thou" position he was forcing me into.

Bud saw I was hedging, and pitched into me. Finally I got disgusted with myself for trying to walk in two opposite directions at the same time. So I stood up on my two feet and spoke my piece.

All during the next week Bud called me the honest street sweeper, and then let it drop. But many

times afterwards other fellows talked over their most personal problems with me and asked my advice. I never forgot why my uncle needed neither money nor success to hold the respect of all who knew him.

Through the years and in success and failure, I thought of one day visiting uncle and telling him how his example had sustained me. But I never seemed to get the time.

A quarter of a century passed, and each year the compulsion to see him and tell him grew more insistent. At last I decided it must be now. So with my wife and two sons, I set out. "Mr. Gannon is out for his walk," said the clerk at my uncle's hotel.

But I knew I would find him somewhere on my old route home from school. When I saw him, strolling along like an elderly professor, he was not the huge man I remembered, but stooped and frail. I called out, "Hello, uncle," and went up to him.

His blue eyes sparkled like sapphires. He gave me a long look, and the years dropped away. Then his laugh came from deep within him. "Hello, my boy," he said.

That late August we spent revisiting old, remembered places. When Sunday came, a host of cousins gathered after Mass at a great outdoor breakfast. We were all having the time of our lives. I wanted to be sure we hadn't missed something. "Is there any place we

should go?" I asked my uncle.

"The cemetery," he answered, without changing his mood. "I don't get out there much now."

I wondered how I had missed that. For there, in the bend of the river, under the sheltering trees, stood the markers of our people who had gone ahead of us. And it was there, appropriately, that I told him what I had wanted, all those years, to say.

I knew he understood far beyond the meaning of my words, for his eyes held the look of one who sees great things. Then his laughter came up. "You're a good boy," he said. "Stick to it."

One night, late that same autumn, I received the call from my cousin that uncle had died very peacefully. For a moment, I saw an old man in the trackless mist of eternity. Then I knew that it couldn't be that way.

By the time I had put down the phone and turned to my wife I was ashamed of the fleeting doubt. No one could know better how to find his way. My sorrow was for myself.

"We've lost him," I said. And it had a temporary sound. What I meant was that he had gone on ahead.

Now, I won't be so worried when Gabriel blows his horn. For I know that the next sound will be my uncle's great laugh and the greeting, "Hello, my boy." And I know the streets will be clean.

Good-by to Hanoi

*The city that once knew the praises
of God is taken over by the
Vietminh communists*

By PATRICK O'CONNOR, S.S.C.

Condensed from NCWC*



CATHOLICS of Hanoi are now part of the Church of Silence behind the iron curtain. Beginning early in the morning of Saturday, Oct. 9, under low rain clouds, Vietminh troops and special police took over the city, section by section. By mid-afternoon they occupied an area that included St. Joseph's cathedral, the Apostolic Delegation, and the bishop's residence. The first parish to pass under the Vietminh was that of the Canadian Redemptorists.

Just before noon, I visited the cathedral for the last time. One elderly Vietnamese was there, praying fervently.

I watched Vietminh troops take over. The people stood in doorways along the sidewalks. Many houses displayed the Vietminh red flag with the yellow star as soon as the incoming force appeared. The welcome had been well organized by advance Vietminh teams. Twice I noticed a Soviet Russian or a Chinese communist flag hung along-

side the usual Vietminh flag.

The Vietminh troops, wearing cotton uniforms, came marching in rubber shoes or riding in Russian Molotov trucks. Most applause came from youngsters aged ten to 14. They had been coached, apparently. The majority of the adults were silent, their faces frozen or wearing uncertain smiles.

Hanoi has thinned and weakened like a man with a grave illness. In the semiforeign section, most of the shops are closed and the owners have gone. You could still find people praying in the churches in recent weeks. But Sunday morning showed the congregations greatly lessened by departures. One parish that had 1,500 parishioners normally, and 6,000 when the refugees came during the war, now has only about a dozen families.

Last Sunday, the Solemnity of Our Lady of the Rosary and the feast of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, patroness of the missions,

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saw the last Catholic procession in Hanoi before the change of the regime. About 1,500 took part. The procession, escorting the statue of Our Lady of Peace, was followed by Archbishop John Dooley, apostolic delegate to Indo-China, and Bishop Joseph Khue, vicar apostolic of Hanoi. It went around the square in front of the cathedral just before sunset.

Probably a much smaller proportion of residents went south from Hanoi than from some rural areas. The people of Hanoi had not lived under Vietminh rule during the last eight years. It was easier for them to retain hopes and illusions. To many Vietnamese, at first sight the Vietminh entry meant primarily victory for native sons over a foreign colonial power. They were unwilling to look deeper and see it also as a victory of foreign-inspired communism over themselves.

Red flags aplenty would hang from Hanoi's windows during the next few days. That was all prepared. Weeks before, I saw cloth stretched out along the river bank. The cloth was wet with red dye, like cloth soaked in blood. I saw yellow cloth, too, doubtless for the star in the Vietminh flag.

Hanoi's leading newspaper, *Tian Sang*, changed policy beforehand. It then began to carry translations of Soviet writers, including Ilya Ehrenburg, and columns of messages congratulating the Chi-

Neck Deep in Tears

Catholic refugees by the thousands, blocked by land, risked their lives on flimsy craft in choppy seas after the Red occupation of Hanoi. Some died. In the first week, between 8,000 and 10,000 put out by night from fishing villages in junks or on rafts. About 30 such craft, flying the papal flag, reached Haiphong, French-held port east of Hanoi. The others were brought by French ships, which picked them up in the open sea, often while grownups standing neck deep in water held children above the breaking waves.

nese communist government.

Good-by to Hanoi, tree-shaded capital of North Vietnam, a land of great harvests for time and eternity; to the city pavements where I have seen men go down on both knees to kiss the bishop's ring in public; to the little Lourdes grotto that a poor candlemaker's family illuminated night after night with white candles of their own making.

Good-by to the city from which Blessed Theophane Venard went out gaily to martyrdom, to the city where St. Thérèse wished to come as a Carmelite; to the hallowed gray cathedral, to all the churches, none of which I have ever seen without worshippers. Good-by to

the schools I have seen thronged with Vietnamese youth, learning from Catholic Brothers and Sisters; schools I later saw crowded with refugees who had left everything for their faith.

Good-by to Hanoi, where young men who craved independence and reform listened to Karl Marx, but not to Christ, Hanoi to which they now return with a red flag. Good-by to Hanoi, where prayer will not cease and grace will not be wanting.

The last French chaplain to leave Hanoi was Father (Lt.) François de Lespinay of the Luçon diocese in the Vendee. With me, he left the chaplain's quarters inside the Citadel, French-army headquarters for more than 70 years, at eight o'clock on the morning of Oct. 9. Leaving open the doors of the empty building, we drove past other empty army buildings, meeting only three Moroccan soldiers, last sentries in the forlorn army post.

The chaplain crossed the river on Saturday evening. On Sunday, he celebrated Mass for the last French troops in Gialam airport before it was handed over to the Vietminh.

The last commander of the Hanoi sector was Col. Lefevre D'Argencay, Catholic officer, who left the last French command post on the west side of Pont Doumer at nightfall. It was to him that General Masson handed a folded tri-

color after it was hauled down for the last time in the sodden field beside the Citadel at dusk on Friday evening.

While I ate my last meal in Hanoi at the press camp on Saturday, Vietminh soldiers had already mounted guard outside the building. A sentry with fixed bayonet stood at the entrance. Four others with tommy guns sat on the ground beside the door, watching the correspondents. All tried to avoid being photographed.

With four other correspondents, I had a Vietminh driver as I rode in a white car in a convoy headed by International-commission chiefs to watch the take-over of key points. The sight of the Vietminh driver and the commission car encouraged small boys to give us the

350,000 Flee

The French government has spent approximately \$15 million in transporting more than 250,000 refugees from Red Vietnam by ship and plane. The U.S. navy has carried more than 100,000, and is providing extensive financial assistance. In the Saigon area, more than 600 miles south of Hanoi, the housing problem is especially acute. There, many have been sleeping on sidewalks in downtown districts, and getting food handouts from hotels.

The Ensign (6 Nov. '54).

same cheers they had been coached to give the Vietminh troops and the commission members.

Vietminh violations of the Geneva agreement continued completely unchecked, after the International Commission for Supervision and Control had been in Vietnam for seven weeks. The commission is composed of official delegations from India, Canada, and Poland.

Two flagrant violations by the Vietminh were matters of common knowledge: holding back prisoners they agreed to release within 30 days, and preventing departure of Vietnamese from the Vietminh zone.

The Geneva agreement calls for release of all prisoners, military and civilian, within 30 days of the cease-fire. That would put the latest date at Aug. 26. Actually, the Vietminh released some military prisoners as late as the second week of September. They released the first Vietnamese civilian prisoners only on Sept. 15. There are still some 30,000 men unaccounted for.

By Oct. 1, the Vietminh had not released Msgr. Jean Arnaud, prefect apostolic of Thakhek, or any of the three French priests taken with him. They released a few Vietnamese priests and one French Cistercian. But that leaves scores, maybe 100, of Vietnamese priests, a French Sister, and five Vietnamese Brothers still due to come, as well as Monsignor Arnaud and his group.

The minority of refugees who succeed in making their way through the Red cordon tell how the Vietminh hold the people back. They do not allow them to sell house or land. In some places, they bar their way physically and drag them off the road.

Nobody with children is allowed to use any kind of outbound transportation. The Vietminh take away small bridges over streams. They forbid ferrys to take the people across rivers. If a father and mother slip aboard a barge with children, Vietminh officials take the children off by force. That makes the whole family stay.

Two young Belgian priests, Father Eugene Kunsch and Father Joseph Bruneau, both of the Society of Mission Auxiliaries, died of illness in Vietminh prison camps. They were held with other prisoners, including Vietnamese priests. A Vietnamese priest was with each of them at the hour of death and gave a last absolution.

The Vietminh chained the priests' hands and feet. The chains were taken from the two Belgian missionaries only in their last days, when they were dying.

Three Vietnamese priests of Buichu vicariate and one from Bac-Ninh also died of illness in the Vietminh prison camps. Reports of the execution of two more Vietnamese priests by the Vietminh have been confirmed.

Good-by Hanoi!



Anthony Leaves His Desert Cave

*His whole life he prepared for death; it
didn't matter to him when it came*

By HENRI QUEFFELEC

Condensed from "Saint Anthony of the Desert"*

DIOCLETIAN, the dynamic Emperor of Rome, did not understand why there was a resistance to his official program. He began to hunt for those responsible. He would find them, sooner or later, among those who did not participate in the cult of emperor worship: namely, the Christians.

Now, Diocletian was not a bloodthirsty brute; he was intelligent and he weighed both sides of the question. In certain sections of Egypt, he knew, the proportion was one Christian out of every three persons. The new religion had a strong wind behind it. Conversions were increasing. Reports were that there was a strange man called Anthony in the neighborhood of Memphis, who had an enormous influence on the people, and that many now lived as outlaws in desert outposts.

But what right had Catholicism to refuse to lend its Christ to the heathens, to open its churches to the heathen divinities? Diocletian himself had created 70 gods; the

Christians were in direct disobedience in refusing to recognize them.

Diocletian decided to persecute. So many emperors had previously done it that it was almost a matter of course. But if a persecution were started, he knew it had to be carried through to success.

The persecutions did not open with a massacre. In March of 303, two imperial edicts were issued. The first one closed the churches and houses of prayer, and it required that all religious objects be turned over to the authorities; the second ordered the immediate imprisonment of the heads of all the churches. But, though a large number of the buildings with their holy books were burned, many of the priests escaped. They were not afraid of death, which would have made martyrs of them, but they had no wish to go out of their way to meet it.

The persecutions increased. The simple adherents were the victims this time, and, according to classic procedure, they were required to

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sacrifice to heathen divinities. Many gave in. Some of those who resisted were executed, but the greater number were released. No martyrs: that was Diocletian's great objective.

But harsher treatment was only being postponed. Many of Diocletian's soldiers became converted to Christianity, and then deserted for reasons of conscience. Diocletian grew angry, and resorted to terror. The blood of Christians flowed in Phrygia, Cappadocia, Arabia, Phoenicia. And above all, in Egypt.

The historian Eusebius witnessed the killings and described their horror. The axes lost their keen edges from repeated use. The executioners relieved one another. Human ingenuity, coupled with cruelty, strove to prolong the torture and make it more agonizing. The women were hung head downwards by one foot till death came. The men were quartered, their arms and legs broken.

A day came when the great Anthony, of whom the emperor had heard, decided to fly to the assistance of his brothers. He had lived in solitude for 20 years in the desert.

Theoretically, Anthony did not envy the martyrs. But actually, though he disciplined himself endlessly on the subject, he coveted their fate.

The Gandhi of the 4th century set out upon his journey. His decision was vigorous and determined, despite the several years he had taken to reach it: "Come, let us

also fight if we are called, or at least watch those who are fighting." With several other monks, he went down to the Nile, near Aphroditopolis, and the little group boarded the first river boat that would take them toward the sea.

Despite its ruins, Alexandria must have seemed like a collection of skyscrapers to the average Egyptian, but Christ's athletes were not of ordinary clay. It is likely, however, that, while refraining from craning their necks like provincials, they had a good look around them. They wanted to show that they were not afraid.

Apparently there were some Christians in the crowd watching the ships who knew of the imminent arrival of the monks. They would give Anthony the kiss of peace. His name doubtless flew from mouth to mouth, rousing the curiosity of the idlers. Twenty years in a cell! Forty thousand men under him! He had thrashed the demons! They hurried forward to see what an ascetic and a worker of miracles looked like.

In scarcely any time at all, Anthony and his companions were mentally adopted as honorary citizens by the great majority in that big city whose curiosity and volatile moods were rather Parisian. What the monks had done moved the populace: Greeks, Jews, Syrians, and Negroes. They had come from farther off than the Pyramids to help their brethren to die nobly.

In the gymnasiums, taverns, and theaters there was furious betting as to their fate. Would the police decide to give up their strange policy of indulgence and put them in prison? Or would they have the final word?

Evidently the monks were looking for trouble, and this pleased the city's ruffians, despite their very different ideas on the question of the flesh. What would be the end of this strange conflict, in which death sentences were labeled martyrdoms and meant to them not defeats but the most priceless triumphs?

The conflict was indeed strange, and it spoke eloquently of the confusion of those in power. They, too, realized that the blood of martyrs became the seed of Christianity. They were deprived of the traditional trump card of violence. They had continually to give the impression that they would be pitiless and that the candidates for martyrdom would regret their obstinacy.

This was useless effort when it came to Anthony and his companions. Like strikers lying down to be trampled by policemen's horses or run over by locomotives, the monks offered themselves, baffling judges and the police.

They were too gentle and too polite. "I am going to put you to death," "That is what I desire most. I kiss your hands."

At the very time when Christianity appeared to be at its darkest hour, Anthony and his group set

The Death of Anthony

ANTHONY died as though he had done nothing else all his life, which, if we take from death all its artificial grief and sadness, is absolutely true. Death was merely a rendezvous with God. There was a stark simplicity about the scene. "He stretched out his feet, and, with a friendly glance at his companions, showing his pleasure at their presence, he lay for a moment with a look of joy on his face. Then he left them to join his fathers."

themselves the task of destroying paganism. They went everywhere: into hairdressing shops, the houses of philosophers, gymnasiums, brothels. They visited courtesans of high degree, several of whom were flabbergasted by their audacity but suddenly became aware of the emptiness of fleshly pleasures. Accustomed to weariness, they slept anywhere: in public squares, on flights of steps, in beached boats, in caravansaries with huts holding 40 persons, in empty wagons.

Arrests and condemnations continued, but the authorities did not lay hands on the new arrivals; they pretended to scorn these upcountry fellows who spoke no Greek. The monks acted as liaison officers between the prisoners and their families, between the faithful or the priests, hidden in the city or its

suburbs, and their bishops whose trials were being prepared.

Though they did not have direct access to the prisons, their many messages were somehow transmitted. Sympathetic guards were always to be found: an apostate, for example, tormented by remorse. Also, the prisoners were not all confined; the majority of them were put to work in the copper mines and underground quarries of the neighborhood, and guards closed their eyes if a monk accosted one of their charges.

The little bands of monks took care not to neglect public questionings. Some formed a kind of Christian clique which cheered or booed at the right moments. Others, paying no attention to judge or soldiers, attracted the attention of the Christian under examination and encouraged him in his resistance.

The monks attended executions, anxious to see their brothers endure martyrdom bravely, to the bitter end; anxious, too, not to disturb the ceremonial that accompanied the entry of a Christian soul into Paradise. The spectacle of that suffering upset them deeply, but they strove to transmute their grief into joy. Then they removed the pitiful remains and saw to suitable burial.

This went on till the authorities lost their tempers. Their leniency must not be regarded as weakness. The prefect issued a special decree, forbidding the monks to mingle

with the crowds that besieged the tribunals. Then he ordered them not to stay in the city. Anthony gave thanks for this. Though martyrdom was his most cherished dream, he persuaded himself that, up to then, he had not attempted to bring it on. He could give up his cautious attitude now.

Anthony had had his tunic washed. The following day, he stood where the prefect and his guard would pass on their way to the tribunal. There was no trace of impudence in his steady gaze, but he was there, erect and clothed in shining white, standing a little apart from the crowd, which fell back to admire him more easily.

The prefect soon appeared in his open litter, and the escorting soldiers shouted at those who did not fall back quickly enough. Anthony now stood on tiptoes against a wall.

His white tunic caught the prefect's attention, and their eyes met. The crowd held its breath in terror. Nothing happened. The prefect did not even have his litter halted so that he could force the insolent monk to stop gazing at the emperor's representative. Perhaps his lips curled in a sneer, but that was all.

This gives a measure of the real power of Christianity at that time. Whenever the authorities got angry, they lost their equilibrium. Anthony stayed in Alexandria, right under their noses, comforting the Christians in prison, laying

plans for conversions, and keeping the populace in a state of agitation.

Though there was indulgence in certain quarters, some of the most celebrated prisoners were executed. It was as if the prefect wanted to prove to himself that he was still a man. These executions came too late; they seemed to be the acts of authority in desperation, of spite, anger, and bad policy.

Among them was that of Peter, the Patriarch of Alexandria, who was secretly taken from prison. In a lonely spot, in the presence of some of the faithful who had hastily assembled, he was beheaded. At once proclaimed a martyr, he was regarded as a great celestial protector of the Egyptian Church, and people awaited developments with more confidence than ever.

After that December of 311, the

persecutions slowed down. The authorities became less severe, owing partly to boredom and partly to a fear of adopting an unwise policy.

They now maimed their victims, blinded them, hamstrung them, but they hesitated to kill them. Several priests came back to the city and celebrated Mass semisecretly. Scribes wrote accounts of the patriarch's last moments.

Galerius, now the ruler, recanted the mistakes and issued an edict of tolerance.

But Anthony had already left Alexandria. He felt out of place in that huge city which had been restored to peace, and he had heard the summons of the desert. If martyrdom did not require him, then let it be asceticism. He went back to the desert.



The Gospel According to Malenkov

THE CHRISTMAS story is so universally moving that even the communists try to make use of it. Of course, they have their own version. Here's what the school children of once-Catholic Hungary are being taught this year, according to a refugee who recently escaped to the West.

"Once there was a poor married couple who had nowhere to stay. They asked the rich people for help, but the rich people sent them away. Their baby was born in a stable. They covered him with rags and laid him in a manger. Some shepherds, who had come from Russia, brought the baby some gifts.

"The shepherds told Joseph, the unemployed worker who was father of the baby, that in Russia poverty and misery are unknown. Joseph asked them how they had found the stable. They replied that a red star had guided them.

"Then the shepherds gave the little family furs to keep them warm, and all set out on the road to the Soviet paradise."

RNS.

The Gentle Art of Punishment

*It consists chiefly in getting the child
to understand his penalty*

By DOROTHY BARCLAY



Condensed from the *New
York Times Magazine**

LOOKING AT the frightening rise in juvenile crime, many outspoken citizens are demanding that sterner measures be employed with youthful offenders. Punishment, they say, not "coddling," should become the order of the day.

Parents know, and so do the experts, that "complete permissiveness" is not the way to rear happy children. They know the importance of good discipline, of maintaining standards, and setting limits. They likewise know the futility of trying to run a household as an institution, with rules to cover every situation and penalties set for every broken rule.

They have no wish to be avenging parents with frozen faces and a hairbrush ever handy. But they also know, all too well, that sometimes the kids get out of hand; that children, once they have reached the age of reason, cannot be allowed habitually to turn a household upside down. They know that some

situations must be firmly handled, not only for the welfare of the child himself but for the peace of mind of his parents—and, yes, sometimes for parents' comfort, too.

Although there is general agreement on the need for limits, the experts are definitely not in accord on how control is to be enforced in a crisis.

"Children can learn the rules of life through reasonableness, example, and instruction without penalties," writes one. "Of course," writes another, without further details, "there will be times when punishment must be employed." Writes a third, "Talking, reasoning, explaining, interpreting—the way of words—is the decent way of dealing with humans. We have to tell children a hundred times and then a hundred more." But declares a fourth, "Constant reasoning and explaining can run along like water trickling, either making no impression or wearing a person down." Even the

*Times Square, New York City. Oct. 17, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

specialists who concede that punishing may be necessary now and then are loath to discuss the matter.

This has left many parents feeling guilty when they do invoke penalties. It has confused others to the point where they have no answer for "back-to-the-woodshed" zealots who, throwing over all advances made toward understanding children, would rely almost entirely on punishment.

For those who do believe in the effectiveness of occasional punishment, however, a psychiatrist, of all people, has just set forth a clear statement of guiding principles. He is Dr. Harry Joseph, visiting lecturer at the New York University School of Social Work and consultant to the Henry Street settlement. He sets forth his principles in one brief section of his book *The Emotional Problems of Children*. I discussed his point of view with him.

Here are Dr. Joseph's "general rules" on punishment.

1. The child must understand the reason for his punishment. Only deliberate misconduct, a knowing disregard for parental instructions, merits penalty. The five-year-old who repeats bad words he has heard in the street creates a situation quite different from that presented by a ten-year-old who, after ample discussion of the proprieties, continues, gleam in eye, to trot out a barracks vocabulary.

2. Any punishment should be as

close in time to the misconduct as possible. With some preschoolers, a delay of even a few hours can be too long. As youngsters grow older, the choice of punishment may be such that it cannot be carried out immediately ("No television for you tonight!"). Sometimes the misbehavior of older children requires discussion between the parents on the penalty to be invoked. The old dodge of "Wait until your father gets home!" is definitely to be avoided, however, and children should not be held in a state of anxious suspense.

3. Punishment ideally should be definite for each similar indiscretion. In practice, this is not entirely possible, but consistency is important. A relatively stiff punishment one day, and three days later a mild one for the identical misdeed, can serve only to confuse a youngster and encourage him to take his chances.

4. The punishment must be perceived by the child as a painful or unpleasant experience. Dr. Joseph has nothing against the old-fashioned spanking, if administered with restraint. But he does consider it less effective than some other oft used methods which might range from denial of a privilege to withholding a dessert. The important thing, he says, is that it should really matter. If a child, after warnings, has persisted in riding his bicycle in traffic, it would seem appropriate to lock up the bike for

a few days. But maybe that same child had recently received an electric train which he would rather play with anyway. Then, impounding the bicycle might make no difference to him whatsoever.

5. Although punishment should make an impression, it should not be devastating. Cruelty, physical or mental, is completely out, of course. Punishing a teen-age girl by denying her her first date or the right

to attend her first high-school dance could, in some cases, have long-lasting ill effects. Similarly, it is unwise, even dangerous, purposely to punish a child in front of others, turn a cold shoulder, humiliate a child, threaten to leave him, make unfavorable comparisons with other youngsters, deny him meals—except for misdemeanors at table—or use any punishment which he cannot understand.



Christ Victorious

THE KING OF KINGS was already shooting when I arrived at location on Catalina Island to take up my post as Catholic advisor to Cecil B. DeMille. I didn't like what I saw.

DeMille's writers had failed to find a love story in the Gospels, so they had written their own. Judas was in love with Mary Magdalene, a courtesan in the best Hollywood style. But her character changed when she accepted Jesus. This, it turns out, is why Judas betrayed our Lord. He was jealous.

I objected. DeMille disagreed. As we sat watching a gigantic Roman banquet scene, he patiently explained to me how essential it was that the Broadway audiences of the world be won over; how they could not be introduced to burlap and desert sands, but must have a sense of luxury and beauty, the kind of life they would themselves like to lead. "If they fall in love with Magdalene, then when she leaps into her chariot and says, 'I go to find a Carpenter,' they will go along."

Yet a strange thing had begun to happen. Christ was taking over. H. B. Warner, who portrayed our Lord, was a good actor, but by no means a great one. Yet the figure of Christ was doing to the film what Christ does to all life. Moving about quietly, effectively, He was so dominating the scene that no one else mattered.

We were sitting watching rushes one evening, when DeMille leaned over and touched my hand. "He is great, isn't He?" he said.

"Warner?" I asked.

He waved his hand impatiently. "Jesus," he replied. "He is great." There was a long pause, and then he spoke very quietly. "I doubt if we shall need that story of Mary Magdalene and Judas."

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

That Old-Time Sunday

*God doesn't understand being bypassed.
The Creator rested on the Sabbath;
why shouldn't we?*

By JAMES BERNARD KELLEY
Condensed from *America**



IN TOO MANY American homes, Sunday is now the day when houses are painted, roofs replaced, gardens dug, lawns put in, and automobiles dismantled and polished. Women hang out huge washes. Yet most of us have a five-day work week, which leaves all of Saturday for doing such chores.

A brief examination of conscience once showed me that Sunday work was not a necessity but a convenient habit. I found that I had been actually planning Sunday as a day of work. Work that I might have done other times I was putting off until Sunday.

Since then, Sunday work has been *verboten* in our family. The result? Our home is in at least as good condition as it was during the Sunday-work period. And stranger still, our lawn was never in such good condition. More than that, the keeper of the lawn has never been in such good condition, either.

Over the Memorial day week end this year, I noticed an odd situation. All day Sunday the neighborhood lawn mowers whirled, hammers

banged, and work went ahead at a feverish pace. But dawned Monday, a holiday, and all was quiet. Those who had spent all day Sunday in dungarees and sweat shirts were out in their best, enjoying the holiday. They certainly deserved the day of rest after the day of labor they had put in on Sunday. But if work could be suspended for 24 hours without the houses collapsing and the grubs walking off with the lawns, it seemed strange that the day free of work could not have been God's day.

Unnecessary labor, which as children we were taught is forbidden on Sunday, is now the order of the day. There is nothing about Sunday now which sets it apart from the other days of the week. The ceremony of Sunday dinner, the special clothes, the shining of shoes on Saturday night, the Confessions—the entire atmosphere of Saturday night which made it the preparation for a Christian Sunday—have to a great extent disappeared. Why?

Sunday in our home when I was a boy was a day of some formality. I can never recall a nail driven or

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17. Oct. 23, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

a blade of grass shorn. I can never recall a clothesline draped with the week's or even the day's wash.

I can recall a Sunday dinner at which everyone appeared in his best clothes. The family car was polished Saturday morning in preparation for the Sunday afternoon drive into the country. The hedges were clipped and the lawn mowed after school or on Saturday. About the only concession ever made was shoveling snow which fell Saturday night or Sunday.

Attendance at Mass was not only strictly required for the entire family but also called for one's best clothes. The women in the family did not go to Mass with their hair in curlers and a scarf draped over their heads. If hair was being waved, it was waved on Saturday, and the Sunday company was not placed ahead of the Sunday Host, God. The women always wore hats. From the male point of view, these often seemed ridiculous; but they were real hats, true to feminine fashion, and not hair nets nor handkerchiefs. I recall that even during the August dog days I had to wear a jacket to Sunday Mass. If any man had appeared in church with his shirt outside his trousers (as many sport shirts are worn today) he would have been considered not only out of order but partially undressed.

Did this make Sunday a day of horror? Far from it. Sunday was a wonderful day. It was a day of walks in the country, of watching a neighborhood baseball game, of rides in the country with stops for hot dogs. It was a day when the family was together, a day when relatives came or when we went to visit relatives. But most of all it was a day when the Head of the human family received the first call. Sunday was not just another day in the week. It was *the* day of the week.

Perhaps this is mere nostalgia. Perhaps times *have* changed. Perhaps there is no real difference between Sunday and any other day. In that case, the 3rd Commandment of God, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," will have to be streamlined to fit into our jet-propelled age.

But how can we be certain that the Sabbath has changed as far as God is concerned? As a missionary once pointed out, "God does not and will not understand being forgotten or bypassed."

Even Soviet Russia in 1940 restored Sunday as a day of rest. If we Americans, whose laws favor Sunday observance, ignore our Christian tradition by abusing our freedom, we shall certainly have a lot to account for in the final reckoning.

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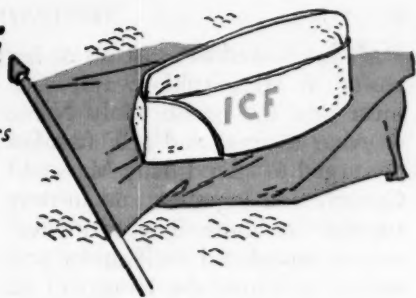
PRAYER is not conquering God's reluctance. It is taking hold of His willingness.

Phillips Brooks.

The Life of Luigi

*Mr. Providenza has spent 30 years
reclaiming Italo-Americans
for the faith*

By TED LeBERTHON
Condensed from *Jubilee**



THIRTY YEARS ago in San Francisco a poverty-stricken Italian political refugee began a movement that has since brought countless thousands of Italo-Americans back to the faith.

The theory behind founder Luigi Providenza's Italian-Catholic federation (ICF) was a three-pronged one. To reach the fallen-aways, he had to approach them as Italians, as Americans, and as Catholics. The first fact provided the springboard. Says Providenza, "We could not ask people right off to come back to Mass and to the sacraments, but only to come to our social events. Some really long to be with those of their own blood, or to speak Italian, or sing old Italian folk songs. Pretty soon, the human heart being what it is, they come to Confession and Communion, like people going back to their first love."

Luigi is a vigorous man of 60 who has never lost his Italian accent. For him, the ICF has meant

the gift of most of his time, the greater part of his income, and all of his immense genius for organizing. The federation fuses strong loyalty to adopted country with pride in a magnificent cultural heritage. Thus it aids its members to overcome inevitable tensions and estrangements of a minority people. These had been responsible for almost all the defections. What the ICF teaches is that one can love America without being severed from his racial origins.

Each branch has a band and a fife-and-drum corps, and all ICF members have a dress uniform of white wool with gold braid and overseas cap. Once a fallen-away Catholic is attracted to an ICF social evening, parade, or festival, he is likely to find himself attending a mission, in Italian and English, a retreat, or day of recollection. At least, the example of his new-found friends seldom fails to affect him.

Every ICF member is pledged to an active, dedicated Catholicism.

*377 4th Ave., New York City 16, November, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the A.M.D.G. Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Each has vowed to assist his or her pastor in all possible ways; each must join the parish Holy Name or Altar society; and ICF families are urged to attend daily Mass and Communion together, and to pray together at home. The entire federation has placed itself under protection of Christ the King and St. Francis Xavier, and on those feast days members are expected to attend high Mass in a body.

Since their work is one of redemption, ICF branches are most often found in parishes where once there were many fallen-away Italian Catholics. To organize a new branch is never easy, Luigi says. "First I must scout out the parish and see if there are many fallen-aways. Only then do I call on the pastor, and ask him to have a mission."

If the mission has attracted many fallen-aways, Providenza organizes 25 or more parishioners into an ICF branch; they then elect officers and dedicate themselves to signing up the fallen-aways as ICF members. Generally they bring in 50 to 300 within a year.

The roots of the ICF itself go back to an unhappy experience Providenza had in 1923. He had been in this country a year, and had taken a job as a subscription agent for *L'Unione*, an Italian-language Catholic weekly paper in San Francisco. He had an alarming number of doors slammed in his face. This induced *L'Unione* to

make a survey among 10,000 Italian families in California. What they discovered was startling: over 92% of all Italian Catholics in the state had abandoned their faith. Luigi set to work.

He spent several months in intensive research and in hours of conversation with anyone who would discuss the problem. After much prayer, the idea came to him for a campaign that would reverse the flow away from the Church. The chief causes, he saw, were two. First came a traditional anticlericalism which, together with the shortage of Italian-speaking priests, meant little instruction or guidance for immigrants.

But more important was the desire of many of the people to better their social and economic positions by cutting loose from all that identified them with the Old World; a chief mark, of course, was their faith.

Luigi received a disillusioning rebuff from some wealthy San Franciscans of Italian birth. Then he turned to humbler sources of possible enthusiasm, priests and those of the poor who were still devout. Individual discussions led to small group meetings, and Luigi's exhortations bore fruit in 11 other apostles. In 1924, the ICF was born.

From that moment, Providenza left theoretical work to others, and turned to the full exercise of his organizing powers. "I am not so sure I am an idea man," he said.

"I had the idea of the ICF, but another man gave it a form and a program which gave me something concrete around which I could organize people—plain, everyday people."

The man was Father A. R. Bandini, who wrote the ICF constitution and bylaws and worked out its program and structure. He was one of the founding group which, besides Providenza, included another priest, three laywomen, and seven laymen. Three are still living.

Over the years, the ICF has grown from the original 12 founders to a network of 106 chapters (all but four in California) with more than 10,000 members. Of this total, some 2,000 belong to junior branches. For 13 years, Luigi was the group's only salaried member (extremely nominal, he says). He still does much organizing, driving his car an average of 3,000 miles a month up and down the state, but he is beginning to catch up a little on his home life.

His days usually begin at seven, when he and his wife go to Mass and Communion together. After breakfast, he leaves for ICF headquarters or on a round of local organizing. He generally spends his evenings reading, mostly spiritual books, or in the company of friends. At such times, he refuses to discuss the ICF. But he will concoct his "Luigi Special" cocktail, whose formula, he says, he will carry to his grave; sing Italian folk

songs; or tell some of his famous stories.

Providenza was born in Genoa, where at 26 he became secretary to Don Luigi Sturzo, now a famous priest and sociologist, but then Genoa chairman for Italy's Popular party. Postwar Italy was the scene of violent political hatreds; assassinations of Popular party leaders by communists were everyday events. After three attempts were made on his own life, Providenza was advised to leave the country for a time. He secreted his wife and children with relatives, and sailed for America.

After a year and a half in Monterey he left for San Francisco. There, in the grim pages of *L'Unione's* survey, he discovered his vocation. Soon afterward, he made a quick trip to Italy to bring his family to the U.S.; then he began his life work. Now, 30 years later, it is estimated that more than half of all Californians of Italian birth or descent are in full communion with the Church, yet Providenza refuses to take credit either for himself or for the ICF. There were many other factors, he says.

Occasionally a pastor will not permit him to organize a branch. Almost all who oppose the ICF do so from a fear that it means preservation of a national group. To those priests, Luigi answers, "Who then is to seek and find the lost sheep? The Seventh Day Adventists and Jehovah's Witnesses do

not mind perpetuating national groups. They are proselytizing, mostly among our poorest educated groups, with books and pamphlets in Italian. And there are Italian Masonic clubs and secular Italian sport and social clubs, most of their members fallen-aways; and young Italo-Americans are to be found among the communists."

Many Italo-American people refuse to join an ICF branch. Gener-

ally, they are the more prosperous, he says. Most such men have business reasons for not wanting to be fully identified with the Church. Sometimes, being in the big money and in upper-class society, a man, deep down, is ashamed of his old-country origin.

And yet, says Luigi, the ICF, whose numbers are not a true measure of its real influence, has still untapped possibilities.



THE U.S. NAVY forced me into the Catholic church. A wave in boot camp for only three days, I was ordered to muster the Catholics and march them to Sunday Mass.

A mistake had been made; the records showed Protestantism as my own religious preference, although I really had no particular faith. But muster the WAVES I did, and marched them to Mass, and on each Sunday thereafter.

It was my first Mass. I read the missal; I was fascinated; I asked questions. By the time I finished boot camp, I knew that Catholicism was the faith for me. I married in 1948,

and in 1950 my husband and I completed instructions together, and were received. Mrs. Robert J. Templeton.

A DOUBLE answer to another's prayer brought Dick into the Church. He had ardently wooed and finally won Ruth, a charming Catholic girl. He signed and kept the promises required in a mixed marriage. When a son was born, and then another, he saw to their Catholic education.

Another baby was to be born. Ruth confided to Dick that she was praying that this one might be a girl. Joy welled up in his heart when he was told that he was the father of twin girls. As he bent over his wife, he whispered to her that he, too, would like to become a Catholic.

Mary Weltor.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]



The only white baby in the Inchon orphanage gets a smile from a Korean Sister.

The Baby Is an Admiral

Condensed from the *Mission Bulletin**

JUST before a trip home for Christmas, 1953, the aircraft carrier *Point Cruz* completed one of the strangest, most difficult missions in naval history.

It started with the discovery of a baby at the Army Service command near Inchon, Korea, on July 11, 1953. Late that night, a muffled human cry seemed to come from a bundle of newspapers on the floor. A startled GI looked into the bundle. He found a Caucasian baby about a month old, apparently abandoned by some unwed mother. The weak, ailing child was

rushed to the Sisters' orphanage at Inchon.

A Korean priest was groping for a name when the inventive GIs proposed Ascom (Army Service command) for their find. The child of mysterious origin was baptized George Ascom, and placed in the nursery with other foundlings.

One day in September, 1953, when the *Point Cruz* was anchored off Inchon, its commanding officer, Capt. John Hayward, and Chaplain Edward Riley visited the orphanage. They listened to the story of George's origin. Looking at the

*King's Building, Hong Kong. April, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Mission Bulletin, reprinted with permission.

Sailors decided to call George the Little Admiral. Captain C. Paul flew him out to the *Point Cruz*.

baby's appealing eyes, Captain Hayward said to Father Riley: "We've got to do something about getting that child a home in the States."

They went into conference on the *Point Cruz*, and Operation Lift was devised for Babysan. (*San* is a Korean term of courtesy and affection.) Babysan stirred up more action than the sighting of an enemy submarine. Hospitalmen John F. Peters, father of four in Caryville, Fla., and Norman Van Sloun, who has two children in Chaska, Minn., were alerted. They improvised diapers, prepared baby food, and studied infant-feeding formulas.

Mission Bulletin and U. S. Navy Photos



Ship carpenters cut out a crib, while others went after clothes and toys. Father Riley was sent ashore to bring Babysan back.

Ashore, the chaplain headed into snarls of red tape more forbidding than a barbed-wire entanglement. ROK officials told him that their procedure for issuing a passport would take six months. Further discouragement that came from the American embassy would have crushed the heart out of an ordinary man. But Father Riley is no ordinary man.

He called in a strategic reserve, the Korean-speaking missionary, Father Paddy Dawson, and the two fighting Irishmen teamed up to storm the citadel of top Korean officials. The Koreans finally cooperated after two weeks, and issued a passport. But the Gibraltar for anyone coveting a visa for the U.S., the American embassy, was still ahead.

Hospitalman John Peters serves George his first meal aboard. The diaper on the door is lettered: "Point Cruz Nursery—Quiet—No Visitors".



After John T. Hayward, salty captain of the ship, saw George's pleading eyes, he took action.

With the help of Father Pat O'Connor, the ncwc newsman, Father Riley managed to get the necessary visa from the U.S. embassy.

After the Korean passport was issued, a health certificate was needed for entry into the U.S.; George Ascom had to be taken to the hospital ship *Consolation*. By now, the whole Far East naval force knew about the case of George Ascom. When Father Riley brought George to the *Consolation* to be examined, Lieut. Hugh Keenan, M.D., met them. He handed Father Riley a note to read while he examined the child.

Father Riley read the deeply moving note. It begged Father Riley to let him adopt the boy. George would fill an empty crib that waited because all but one of the doctor's own five children had died at birth. These were dramatic moments, listening to little heartbeats while the patient's big eyes watched wonderingly. Tears welled up in the doctor's eyes. Then the chaplain asked: "Do you still want him after

examination?" The doctor replied: "Of course!"

George was left at the Sisters' orphanage while Father Riley shuttled back and forth between the embassy at Pusan and the port of Inchon to complete arrangements for Operation Lift. After three months of maneuvering, the padre was ready to report: "Mission accomplished." A message went off to the *Point Cruz*.

Captain C. Paul, U.S.N., was sent to pick up the Little Admiral and fly him back to the ship, now in Japan. The ship flew a diaper from the mast and the crew lined up to salute as Admiral George Ascom was piped aboard. Each afternoon, the ship speakers announced that Babysan would see the boys from 2:00 to 2:30 on the hangar deck. His shipmates soon added *Cruz* to George's name.

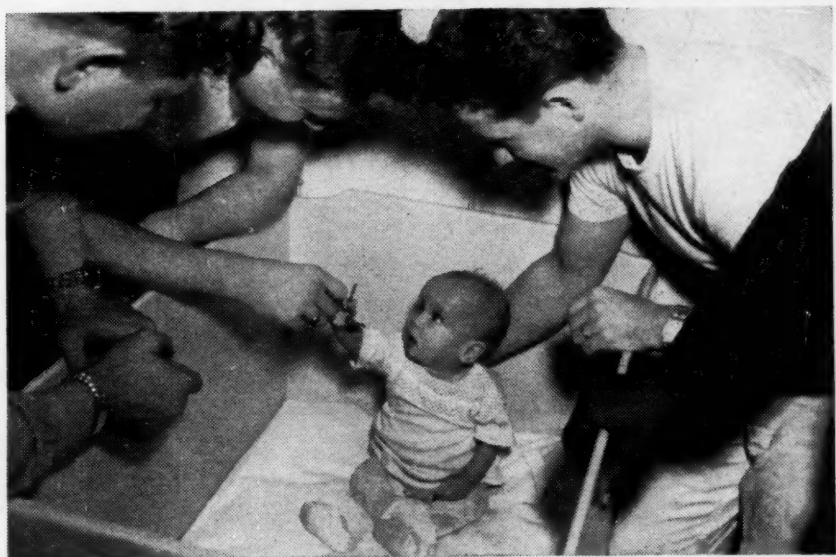
The biggest trouble was ahead. They wanted to take the Little Admiral to America on the *Point Cruz* for a triumphant entry into the home port. But the *Point Cruz* was a combat ship near enemy waters; civilians could not be carried.

With Admiral Briscoe and Admiral McMahon and the whole 7th fleet behind the move, wires were sent to the navy brass in Washing-



George eats some warm oatmeal, then gets his first bath from the sailors.





As a seafaring man, George rates cabin and locker keys.





While the boatswain's mate of the watch pipes George Cruz Ascom over the side of the USS *Point Cruz*, the officer of the deck and six side boys salute. John Peters, hospitalman 1st class, lends a hand.

ton to ask if George could be brought home on the *Point Cruz*. The petition was regretfully turned down.

The sailors' payday was to be that week. The crew decided to take up a collection and send Father Riley and George Ascom to Seattle on a commercial airplane. In story-book fashion, a wire came from Washington after the plane ticket was bought. As a naval dependent, George was entitled to passage on a military transport. He could be taken back on the transport *General Gaffney*, due to leave for Seattle Dec. 2.

An army chaplain took Father Riley's place on the *Point Cruz*

while he and the Little Admiral packed to leave on the *General Gaffney*. Maybe the Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted this to be a combined services operation, for Babysan had been found at an Army Service command.

The *Point Cruz* crew gathered on deck for a farewell with the full honors of an admiral. The orders were cut by a jealous navy: Chaplain Riley was to deliver George to the waiting arms of a naval officer's wife, Mrs. Hugh Keenan, of Spokane, Wash. Operation Lift ended when George found a mother.

Father Riley cherishes a diaper-shaped medal inscribed, "For meritorious service in Operation Lift."

Conquerors of Mount McKinley

*Earthquakes, avalanches, and blizzards
were among the hazards*

By JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

Condensed from "*The Age of Mountaineering*"*

IN THE FARAWAY frozen heart of Alaska stands the highest mountain in North America, Mount McKinley. The older inhabitants, however, have had better names for it. To Indian tribes it was known as Denali, the Home of the Sun. Others referred to it as Tralaika, still others as Doleyka, and the Russians called it Bulshaia Gora. Significantly, these last three names meant the same thing, the Great One.

The valley of the Yukon river, from which its northern slopes spring, is a scant 1,500 feet above the sea, and the wilderness of forests and glaciers to the south is only slightly more elevated. The mountain soars up in one unbroken sweep of rock and ice to its full height, three and a half miles straight up from base to peak.

George Eldridge

and Robert Muldrow, of the U. S. Geological survey, measured it by triangulation, and fixed its height at 20,300 feet above sea level.

This colossus has been climbed ten times.

The first white man to look upon McKinley probably was the English navigator, George Vancouver. While exploring the southern coast of Alaska in 1794, he saw "distant, stupendous snow mountains" to the

north. But he did not approach any nearer, nor did any other white men, so far as we know, for almost 100 years.

The first actual attempt at ascent took place in 1903. Judge Wickersham, of the new boom town of Fairbanks, led a party of four men to the base of the mountain. They were unfortunate in choice of route, for they were halted almost imme-



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diately by unscalable walls of ice, and soon turned back.

The next man to enter the saga of McKinley was Dr. Frederick Cook, who was later to win worldwide notoriety as bogus discoverer of the North Pole. His first expedition to the mountain was also in 1903, but it was merely a reconnaissance. In 1906, he returned and plunged into the making of his own particular brand of history.

With one companion, a packer named Edward Barrill, he went to the base of the mountain, was unheard from for a few weeks, and reappeared with the claim that he had reached the summit. No one who knew McKinley believed him. But Cook was a fraud who knew his business. He returned to civilization, and wrote a book called *To the Top of the Continent*. In it, he described struggles on the ascent and magnificence of the view from the top. He showed photographs which he said he had taken on the summit. He lectured before public gatherings and learned societies. As far as the world was concerned, he was what he claimed to be, "Conqueror of McKinley."

Seven years passed before the fraud was exposed. Hudson Stuck and companions, who in 1913 made the true first ascent, settled the matter. Stuck was archdeacon of the Yukon, a man above suspicion in every way, and his description of McKinley refuted Cook's in count-

less details. From this point on, the evidence piled up rapidly. Barrill, Cook's packer, finally signed a sworn statement that his employer's claims were untrue.

Meanwhile the fight against the Great One went on.

First in the field was a group of men who put even the incredible Dr. Cook to shame. They are known in climbing history as the Sourdough expedition, and no more haphazard exploit than theirs has ever occurred on any major mountain in the world. By every accepted standard they should have been killed five times over. Instead, they missed immortality by a hairbreadth, or, to be accurate, by 300 feet.

The sourdoughs were a half-dozen Fairbanks prospectors and miners. None of them had ever been on a mountain in his life. In the spring of 1910, off they went.

They had no leader, no prearranged plan of attack, and by the time they reached the base of the mountain half the party had come to blows with the other half and left for home. They had no scientific knowledge among them, no proper clothing nor equipment. But they had pluck and luck.

They reached the Muldrow glacier's head. They were 11,000 feet above the sea, but barely at the base of the mountain proper, and above them the precipices of McKinley towered almost another two miles. By this time only three mem-

bers of the expedition were left, Pete Anderson, Billy Taylor, and Charley McGonogol. For several days they camped, awaiting favorable weather.

Then, at 2 A.M. on April 10, they started off, with food and equipment that an average person might take along for a picnic lunch. They climbed from their glacier camp to within 300 feet of the highest point of North America and back—all in one day.

It was when they reached the upper ice basin, now known as Harper glacier, that they made a choice that was to cheat them of fame. McKinley has two peaks, the south, or true summit, 20,300 feet high, and the north, a scant 300 feet lower. Standing between them on that day, already at 17,000 feet and with victory in their grasp, the sourdoughs chose the wrong one.

McGonogol, near collapse, had to turn back within 500 feet of the goal, but Anderson and Taylor struggled on up the ice slope, in subzero cold, to the top. There they unfurled the Stars and Stripes on a 14-foot flagstaff they had carried with them. This done, they picked up the exhausted McGonogol, and descended the 9,000 feet to the Muldrow glacier without a stop. In another week or so they were safe in Billy McPhee's Fairbanks saloon.

In the same year as the Sourdough climb, Herschel Parker and Belmore Browne made a second

trip up the mountain. As in 1906, they approached it from Cook's inlet, on the south, fighting through almost impassable country. They reached McKinley's base, only to confront a sheer 15,000 feet of precipice and avalanche slope. They turned dejectedly away. Since then, the Great One has never been challenged from the south.

But Parker and Browne were not through yet. McKinley had cast its spell upon them, and in 1912, six years after their first attempt, they were back again for their third and last. They approached McKinley from the north, by the same general route that the sourdoughs had used.

A blizzard howled, ice cliffs cracked and groaned, and avalanches roared like artillery. For four days the men huddled in their tent, rubbing one another's bodies to keep from freezing to death, clinging to the guy ropes. When the storm passed, they resumed the ascent, and crept upward for a week.

With paralyzing suddenness, the wind became a howling gale, the sky darkened, and the blizzard resumed. By the time the men had struggled up another 1,000 feet, they could no longer see one another at five yards through the blinding snow, and the 60-mile wind threatened to hurl them from the mountainside. Bent double, frost-crippled, breathless, they crept on until they reached the limit of

human endurance. To have gone another step would have been suicide. At 20,000 feet, a mere 300 from their goal, they turned back.

Thus ended one of the most gallant unsuccessful ventures in the story of mountaineering. That it did not end in tragedy was merely luck. For in that summer of 1912 the volcano Katmai erupted 400 miles away. The shocks of its explosions were felt throughout central Alaska. Only a few days after they reached the lowlands, the weary men were startled by a vast thunder of sound, as if the earth was splitting open. And, indeed, it was. As they watched, the whole north face and ridges of McKinley, on which they had so recently stood, gave a monstrous shudder, split from the main mass of the mountain, and plunged to the valleys below.

McKinley's next assailants spent two months on its forbidding terrain, and conquered it. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck and his companions were mountaineers of the first order. He had made many ascents in the American and Canadian Rockies. For years past, during journeys among Alaskan Indians, he had seen McKinley and yearned to climb it. At last, in the spring of 1913, Stuck set out from the mission station of Nenana to achieve his ambition. His companions were Harry Karstens, a sturdy sourdough who had come to Alaska in the Klondike gold rush and was

later to become superintendent of McKinley National park; Robert Tatum, a 21-year-old missionary from Tennessee; Walter Harper, a strong, cheerful, young halfbreed, who had been Stuck's dog driver and interpreter for several years; and two Indian youngsters from the Nenana mission school, named Johnny and Esaias.

They rushed across central Alaska, and came out at last on the Muldrow glacier. Esaias was sent back to Nenana, Johnny remaining to take care of the dogs. Carefully, the little party zigzagged up the steep glacier, suffering from cold and snowstorms and wind.

Presently they reached the head of the glacier, and stood staring upward at the huge white wilderness of the upper mountain. But something was wrong. The great ridge which was to be their route was not at all as previous expeditions had described it—a thin, clean knife edge cutting into the sky. What they saw was a chaos of pinnacles and chasms. Then they realized what had happened. The great earth tremors of the previous year had indeed blown to bits what had formerly been the northeast ramparts.

What Stuck and his companions did then was quite simply this: they cut a three-mile staircase in the ice. They clawed their way to the 16,000-foot heights of the upper basin. They surmounted ice blocks as large as three-story houses;

edged around cornices that hung in space a mile above the glaciers; struggled up with supplies on their backs, descended, struggled up with more. None of them tried to count the tens of thousands of steps they cut, but Stuck later estimated that each climber, in going back and forth, had traveled at least 60,000 feet, or three times McKinley's actual height.

The savage earthquake-shattered ridge was at last behind them. On June 3 they camped at 16,500 feet in the middle of the upper basin, between the twin peaks, and three days later at 18,000 feet, on the slopes just beneath the summit. The day of the final assault was clear and fine.

They started at 3 A.M., and for hour after hour crept upward through the frozen gray silence of the arctic heights. Sometimes it was still necessary to hack steps with their axes; at other times their crampons sufficed, biting deeply into the hard-crusted slope. At 11 o'clock they passed the point at which Parker and Browne had been turned back by the blizzard. At 1 P.M. they stepped upon the horseshoe ridge that forms the summit of the peak.

A few moments later . . . "there still stretched ahead of us," wrote Stuck, "and perhaps 100 feet above us, another small ridge with a north and south pair of little haystack summits. This is the real top. Walter Harper, who had been in

the lead all day, was the first to scramble up; a native Alaskan, he is the first human being to set foot on the top of Alaska's great mountain, and he had well earned the lifelong distinction. Karstens and Tatum were hard upon his heels, but the last man on the rope had almost to be hauled up the last few feet, and fell unconscious for a moment upon the floor of the little snow basin that occupies the top of the mountain."

Four men stood at last on the summit of North America.

Their first act was to thank God for permitting them to achieve their goal. This done, they set up instruments that they had carried with them, and took thermometer and barometer readings. Then they let their eyes sweep out over the stupendous panorama that no man had ever seen before—more than 50,000 square miles of Alaska, peaks and ranges, glaciers and valleys, rivers and plains, from the ice-locked Arctic interior to the sea.

But it is not alone for the sake of a "view" that men struggle up to the high places of the earth. Al-low McKinley's conqueror to describe the mountaineer's reward, for few men have described it better.

"Only those who have for long years cherished a great and almost inordinate desire, and have had that desire gratified, can enter into the deep thankfulness and content that filled the heart. There was no

pride of conquest, no gloating over good fortune that had hoisted us a few hundred feet higher than others who had struggled and been discomfited. Rather was the feeling that a privileged communion with the high places of the earth had been granted; that not only had we been permitted to lift up eager eyes to these summits, secret and solitary since the world began, but to enter boldly upon them, to take place, as it were, domestically in their hitherto sealed chambers, to inhabit them, and to cast our eyes down from them, seeing all things as they spread out from the windows of heaven itself."

They constructed a rough cross of birch staves which they had carried with them, thrust it deep into the snow, and, gathering around it, spoke the solemn, joyful words of the *Te Deum*. Then they started down, the tireddest and happiest of men.

For 19 years after its conquest no one approached McKinley. Then, in the spring of 1932, two separate expeditions converged upon it at the same time. One was successful in every respect. The other culminated in the only deaths that have occurred on the mountain.

The successful party was composed of Erling Strom, a well-known Norwegian-American skier; Alfred Lindley, a Minneapolis attorney; Harry Lick, superintendent of McKinley National park; and

Grant Pearson, a park ranger. They scaled both north and south peaks, becoming the first party to reach both summits.

High on Karstens ridge, the Strom-Lindley party discovered a thermometer left by Stuck. The archdeacon thought that McKinley in winter was the coldest place in the world, and he cached a minimum thermometer at a point where he hoped the next party would find it. The 1932 climbers proved that he was right. The indicator had dropped past the end of the scale, which was 95° below zero, and was stuck in the bulb, where it could go no farther. Obviously, the temperature had sunk to at least -100° F., the greatest natural cold ever recorded on earth.

The second 1932 expedition to McKinley arrived after the first was already high on the mountain. This, the so-called Cosmic Ray expedition, planned to make scientific observations at great altitudes. It was led by Allan Carpe, an accomplished young American mountaineer. The climbers brought a startling modern innovation to the technique of mountaineering.

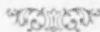
On the same day that they found Stuck's thermometer on Karstens ridge, Strom and his companions saw a plane landing supplies at the head of the Muldrow glacier, 4,000 feet below. During the next week, the first party saw nothing more of Carpe and his expedition. When at last they de-

scended to the head of the Muldrow, the plane was gone, but two deserted tents stood near the former site of one of their own camps.

A mile and a half below the camp they spied a tiny dark object against the white snow. It was Koven's body. Carpé's body has never been found.

Since then, McKinley has been scaled by various groups: the U.S. army and the American Alpine club, in 1942; jointly by the New England Museum of Natural His-

tory and RKO-Radio Pictures, in 1947; student groups, in 1947 and 1948, from the University of Alaska at Fairbanks; and in 1951 by a party led by Bradford Washburn, a pioneer in Alaskan aerial photography, who used air transport, and scaled the west buttress. Washburn, as director of the New England museum, had been with the 1947 expedition. His wife, who accompanied him in 1947, is the only woman who has stood on the top of the continent.



In This Sign...

I WAS on duty with the U. S. navy in the Philippines. One week end, I visited Antimona, a town on the east coast of Luzon.

I rose at 5:30 for Mass. It was pitch dark, but I found a native sleeping beside a lantern in the market place. Could he direct me to the church, I asked in English and in bad Spanish. "*No comprendo, señor.*" Then I blessed myself slowly, and a gleam came into the eye of the Filipino. He beckoned me to follow him.

I found myself in a convent chapel. A nun smilingly approached, and in perfect English directed me to the church near by.

Capt. J. J. Brown (Ret.)

... Conquer

MY BUDDY and I had missed the boat back to our infantry unit in Boston harbor, and were returning to the old army base through the Chinatown district. It was about 2 A.M.

As we rounded a corner, we were confronted with a large-looking gun in the hands of a tough-looking character who ordered us to empty our pockets. We expostulated; the holdup man grew more furious by the second; we complied. With my change was a small silver and gold crucifix, and I begged to be allowed to keep it.

The gunman stared at the crucifix for a full two minutes. Then he returned to our wallets, taking out about \$30. That finished, his gaze returned to the crucifix I still held. Suddenly, he peeled off \$5 of our money, cast the remainder at our feet, and backed off into the shadows.

Jules L. Ducharme, Sr.

St. Peter Had a Mother-in-Law

Why don't all priests marry?

By VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S. J.

Condensed from "*More Blessed Than Kings*" *

IN THE public life of Christ, the first year was a time of many miracles. Miracles were so plentiful that a number of them are listed by the Evangelists almost in catalogue fashion and with an exasperating, absent-minded lack of detail. For example, one Saturday morning in Capernaum, our Lord entered the home of Simon Peter, no doubt for the midday meal, only to find Peter's mother-in-law prostrate with a burning fever. He took the lady by the hand, the fever immediately left her, and she rose to get the dinner ready. Such is the entire story.

In a moment, the Evangelists are off on another narrative, blandly and happily unconscious of the time bomb they have cheerfully left behind them. The eyes of the centuries have focused on this relatively insignificant miracle. The miracle may be relatively unimportant, but the relative in the miracle is very far from unimportant. She represents what newsmen call a scoop.

So Simon Peter did have a

mother-in-law! So the first Pope was a married man! Stop the presses!

Among a certain few subjects which profoundly interest almost everybody and make a lot of people mad enough to fight, the celibacy of the Catholic clergy holds a place which, by understatement, might be termed prominent.

Celibacy has never been overwhelmingly popular in the human family. There is not the slightest likelihood, as Mr. Shaw remarked long ago, that marriage as an institution will ever decline in popularity. Most men simply eat, and they simply marry, and there's an end. Those who have philosophized on the subject generally agree that marriage is 1. natural, 2. beneficial, 3. necessary.

No argument can be stirred up on the first two. When we come, however, to the third, we are obliged to pause and wonder a little, first for a reason that has nothing whatever to do with religion. The fact is that some people do not marry. In addition, the unmarried do not all finally seal up their lone-

ly kitchens and turn on the friendly gas. What do we mean when we contend (if we do) that marriage is a strict necessity?

We wonder, secondly, on a point that has something to do with religion. Professional anthropologists assure us that people everywhere and always have believed in and worshiped some sort of god. Now, the practical process of worshiping any god, and most of all, the true God, has always posed a slight problem for human beings: just how do you worship a god? People have realized that there must be something more to religion (for that is what the worship of God is) than the periodic mouthing of formula. A man ought to *do* something for his god, even if that meant, as it sometimes did, *not* doing something in honor of the god.

Men, therefore, prostrated their bodies before idols; they sang and danced, and, in the jollier religions, got drunk; they taxed their physical endurance in all sorts of ways—fasted and sat immobile for hours and scourged themselves and sprinkled ashes on their heads. Above all, men struggled and strove against the very conditions of their creaturehood to make a true and precious gift to their god: that is, they offered some kind of visible sacrifice, as every religion did before the advent of Protestantism. All this is a clear matter of human record.

It is equally clear that men have

always believed that one distinct manner of worshiping a god was to bind themselves to chastity in honor of that god. As everyone knows, the ancient Greeks and Romans were not especially edifying people, yet both paid lip service to the ideal of virginity in the cults of Artemis and Diana. The Romans, moreover, were quite strict about their vestal virgins, and tended to be impatient when the virgins turned out not to be virgins. Rigid requirements, in the matter of chastity have existed in many primitive tribes when it came to the matter of setting aside chosen persons as special servants of the god, or, in other words, of setting up a priesthood. Anyone who objects to Catholicism because it has a celibate clergy must be ready to object to a great number of religions apart from Catholicism.

Of course, the earliest Christian priesthood was celibate neither as a matter of fact nor obligation. St. Paul's directive to Timothy and to Titus was that a bishop or deacon should be *the husband of one wife*. On the other hand, Paul wrote, in his first letter to the Corinthians, that he wished that other servants of God would remain, like Paul himself, unmarried. As the experts state it, Paul's advice here is restrictive, but not injunctive. Nevertheless, the main issue, the issue raised by Peter's mother-in-law and by the four daughters of the deacon Philip, would appear to be settled by Paul's

casual phrase. The first Christian priests could and often did marry.

What does not follow from this handsome admission is that in the first three centuries virginity was not held in high honor or that a considerable number of clerics did not voluntarily embrace chastity. Any interested reader may find in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* the convincing testimonies of such early writers as Tertullian, Eusebius, Origen, St. Epiphanius, and a historian named Socrates to the strong feeling in favor of voluntary clerical celibacy.

The first recorded ecclesiastical legislation on the subject of celibacy occurs at the very end of the 3rd century. Then began a stubborn, protracted battle within the Church itself. For eight long centuries the battle raged: quite asexual passions flamed; wounds were dealt and suffered; laws were made and set aside; high commands were issued, obeyed, defied, retracted, and issued again; some priests and their fellows lived like typical monks of the desert while some bishops and their sons lived like typical men of the world. The victory leaned first to one side and then the other.

Finally, in 1123, the 1st Lateran council, meeting at Rome under Pope Callistus II, officially and formally declared the marriages of clerics to be invalid. Do not suppose that from that moment the entire problem of clerical celibacy was sweetly and completely solved;

but from that moment the Roman clergy became *de jure* fully celibate, as the Roman Catholic clergy has remained ever since.

The discussion thus far places

Padre's Dream

IT WAS recreation hour during the priest's retreat, and the talk had got around to dreams. It was Father Murphy's turn for a story.

"I dreamed one night," he began, with a shudder, "that I was married.

"I was sitting in the confessional, and was just giving the penitent her penance. Suddenly, the curtain in front of me parted, and the thin voice of my youngest—imaginary—son reached my ears: 'Pop,' he said, 'mom says the fuse on the ironer has blown out, and you won't have no surplice for tonight's sermon if you don't come right in and fix it.'

"'Get out of here, you scallawag,' I whispered to him, hoarsely. 'Here's a dime; go get yourself some sunflower seeds.'

"The penitent thought I meant her, and departed—before I could give her absolution. And when I finally did get into the house, the wife gave me cold pork and beans because she said I gave the pretty widow O'Reilly more time in the confessional than old Mrs. O'Toole.

"It's celibacy for me boys; blessed be celibacy." —E. H.

one truth beyond the range of doubt: clerical celibacy is imposed by ecclesiastical law, and not by divine law. Christ our Lord very carefully distinguished between the command not to commit adultery and the suggestion to embrace chastity. St. Paul, who is generally about as tentative as a tornado, is astonishingly tentative on the subject of virginity; nowhere else, except in 1st Corinthians, where he is discussing this matter, does Paul sound a little like Hamlet trying to make up his mind. Since, then, the law of celibacy was made by Holy Mother Church, the law of celibacy can be unmade by her. The prospect is unlikely.

Unquestionably, clerical celibacy, in common with riding in aircraft, learning the alphabet, singing grand opera, attacking obesity, getting married, and writing books, involves certain grave difficulties. Let us calmly and candidly consider them.

The difficulties occasioned by clerical celibacy may be reduced to two. The first trouble is that men bound by chastity will not really be chaste. The second trouble is that they will.

Bluntly, the history of the Catholic Church is full of depressing records of undeniable failure in clerical chastity. Even today, we occasionally hear of a priest throwing up everything and going off to live somewhere as a married man.

Nevertheless, if it is useless to

deny the failures in clerical celibacy, it is equally foolish to become unduly alarmed over them. Let us add a few other undeniable facts to the melancholy admissions.

It must never be forgotten in the whole matter of clerical celibacy that the very existence of the obligation itself was for 12 Christian centuries a subject of debate. Human beings hate restrictive legislation and submit to it with very bad grace even when the moral obligation stands beyond any shadow of doubt: witness the clear moral precept which forbids adultery.

When the restriction is befogged by official doubt, no fair-minded person will be surprised to find the somewhat doubtful restriction frequently set aside in favor of the delectable certainty. The darkest age for clerical celibacy came before the Council of Trent in the 16th century. But the darkness unquestionably then began to roll back before the advancing light of strict clerical chastity. The blessed process has never since been reversed.

And what of the notorious clerical scandals that do still periodically occur to shame good Catholics? Well, there are in the U.S. at this moment 45,222 priests. Naturally, in a matter as delicate as this, the number of defections is not available. Yet the universal impression of the people is that priests are faithful to their vows. Not even the most hostile bigot would suggest

that the American people are laboring under the impression that Catholic priests as a class are not chaste. The occasional defection of a Catholic priest becomes a burning scandal to every decent Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and pagan in the country because it runs directly counter to what everyone but its haters believes about the Catholic priesthood. The impression is not made on the people by their knowledge that Catholic priests are *obliged* to be chaste. It is made by the sure knowledge of people that the local parish priest whom they see every day *is* chaste.

There remains the second great difficulty with regard to clerical celibacy: "If priests are chaste, they must suffer all the well-known disastrous effects of lifelong sexual abstinence. Everyone knows that men and women who live lives of total chastity are subject to constant and violent sensual temptations of the most revolting sort."

To which we reply with unfailing courtesy: rot. Everyone knows no such thing. People do not seem to perceive that (for one thing) chastity is as much a habit as unchastity. The longer a habit, even a negative or repressive habit, is cultivated, the easier becomes the act or non-act involved. Most deprivations in this vale of tears trouble us only as long as we sit and think about them. The best advice I, personally, ever received on the subject of chastity came

from an old German priest, now even merrier in heaven than he was on earth, who simply said, "Forget it." Many will doubt that such a thing can be done. Well, it can.

All gross temptation aside, however, must we not grant that lifelong chastity often gradually produces undesirable psychological consequences? Do not such people tend to be frustrated, narrow, crabbed, irritable, and given to fits of depression?

Let me speak personally. Every time I hear leveled against chastity this dear old frustration argument, I think at once of the nuns I have known. Once, on a bright October day, a gentleman happened to be sitting in his car outside a convent listening to a World Series broadcast. A sweet young Sister came swiftly out to ask him, please, to lower the volume. The uproar could be heard in the chapel, where the Sisters were trying to pray. She flashed such a dazzling smile that the gentleman first snatched off his hat, and then turned off the radio entirely. Sister thanked him; but as she turned to go, she asked anxiously, "Is Brooklyn ahead?"

And I have stood watching the belching flames of the steel mills of Pittsburgh while an elderly nun remarked with satisfaction, "It's like hell with the lid off, isn't it?" I would like to shout until the heavens crack that if any women in the world are frustrated, narrow,

crabbed, irritable, and given to fits of depression, they certainly aren't Catholic nuns. Nowhere on earth will you hear sweeter or more genuine laughter than in a convent.

But I hasten to add that I have many a time heard the heartiest kind of guffawing in my own Religious family. If we celibates are frustrated, we certainly seem to make the best of a miserable situation. Speaking as one wretched and hopelessly frustrated priest, I should like to announce to anyone who cares to listen that I feel pretty good. In fact, I like my life just fine. If this be frustration I can only murmur, "The same to you, dear reader, and many of them!"

No doubt, a discussion of this sort is not really complete without an eloquent passage on the positive advantages of clerical celibacy. Yet,

one wonders if such an apologia be needed. St. Paul has recorded once and for all the indisputable certainty that the celibate servant of God can serve his Master more completely and more perfectly simply because he has no wife to serve at all.

As equally certain and perhaps more moving is the golden fact of the spontaneous, trustful, and almost possessive love which Catholic people, men, women and children, give to their priest. "Hiya, Father!" is what the smiling lips say 'in the streets, buses, and stores; but the smiling eyes are saying, "You are all ours because you don't belong to any one." It is true that I will never have a son; but I like to walk past the schoolyard and listen to all the little people who run to call me "Father."

Flights of Fancy

A frown: eyebrows getting together
for a little gossip. Ronald Coleman

As poor as a church mouse in Russia.
Red Skelton

Bore: a drip you can hear but can't
turn off. Mary C. Dorsey

Looking as if she would hiss if a
drop of water touched her. Vicki Baum

Brown leaves freckling the lake's
face. Brendan Francis

Loan company: a firm that lives off
the flat of the land. Jackie Gleason

His coat hung on him as on a peg.
G. K. Chesterton

Sawmills snarling at the timber.
Walter Havighurst

Triumph: the past tense of "try."
Mary C. Dorsey

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

They Danced Right Through the Iron Curtain

Two ballet artists exchange top billings in communist countries for freedom in the West

By GEORGE MAY

Condensed from the *Toronto Star Weekly**



THE TOP BRASS of Red Germany had gathered at the brightly lit East Berlin Staatsopera. It was to be a gala night. A troupe of Hungary's best artists had come for a recital, and among them were to be Nora Kovach and Istvan (Pista) Rabovsky, hailed as the communist world's most spectacular young dancers.

The musicians and the singers had had their turn. But when the time came for the ballet number, the curtain remained drawn. The opera house buzzed with excited talk. The manager stepped out and said gravely, "Comrades, our talented visitors will not appear tonight. They have been injured seriously in an automobile accident, and are now in the hospital."

The manager was not telling the truth. Three hours before they were to dance onto the stage, the two youngsters had walked out of their magnificent three-room, two-bathroom suite at the official hotel,

eluded the guards at the revolving doors, and headed for a back entrance to the subway.

Luck was with them. The ticket seller did not ask them for the essential documents. The police patrol that spot-checks trains headed for West Berlin missed them. And no one among their fellow passengers suspected the identity of these two pale youngsters clutching hands. In ten minutes or so, the subway rose to the surface, and Pista let out a yell, "Look, Nora, look at that fruit stand! Bananas and oranges! We are in the West! We've escaped!"

Given refuge first by the British and then the U.S. army, the dancers were on the air within 72 hours, to tell the satellite world of their escape. A few weeks later, they were on their way to the West, to triumphant appearances on the stages of London, Paris, and New York. As they had been the darlings of the Red world, so now they

*Toronto 1, Ont., Canada. Oct. 16, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Toronto Star, and reprinted with permission.

had moved to the dizzyest upper levels of the ballet in the West.

I had seen the two dance at the Budapest opera a couple of years ago. Along with countless other fans, I had watched Nora in films which made her "the sweetheart of Red Hungary" before she was 20. I also happened to know how, back in 1949, Galina Ulanova, the greatest Russian ballerina, saw Pista dance in Budapest, and insisted on meeting him at once. "Your talent is great," she told the 19-year-old dancer. "With training in the Soviet Union there is no way of knowing how far you will go."

Neither Nora nor Pista wanted to go to Russia, but Ulanova wouldn't listen to argument. She even prevailed over the Hungarian secret police, who did not like the "bourgeois" background of Nora's father. Eight months after Ulanova's visit backstage, the two youngsters were summoned to appear before Matyas Rákosi, Hungary's top Red. He told them that the Communist party was sending them to Russia, for the glory of the party, Hungary, and ballet.

"Don't look down your noses on the Russians. Work hard," he told them.

They remember their year at the famous Kirov opera house in Leningrad as a year of severe ballet discipline, exhausting work, and loneliness. They joined that first tiny band of foreigners ever allowed to solo with the Leningrad

ballet. But artistic success did not bring them friends. Wary of aliens, even satellite ones, their Russian fellow dancers never invited them to their own homes. Back in Budapest, they found the red Red rugs rolled out for them, and the opera marquee waiting for their names.

A few months after their flight west, I talked to them in their hotel room in New York. Why had they risked their careers and even lives in an escape? What made them give up the rich enticements of their lives under communism for the uncertainties of the West?

After all, the two youngsters were products of communism. Pista was 15 and Nora 14 when the war ended. Thus, all their knowledge, yearnings, and prejudices had been shaped by the communists. How, then, did this barren soil nourish the will to freedom? If I could get the answer to those questions, I thought, I will find a major chink in the Red armor.

"After our return to Budapest," Nora recalled, "nothing was too good for us. At once, we were given top billing at the opera ballet. Where a factory worker got the equivalent of \$77 a month, Pista and I were paid \$360 each. We also soon found that we could make as much as \$800 a month extra by appearing at outside recitals."

Ever since Pista, then 13, found the lost belt to Nora's new dress and claimed the reward of a kiss,

it had been understood that they would never part.

Married in 1952, they were allotted a modern apartment overlooking the Danube. Nora had made a successful movie or two. And, inevitably, the two joined the ranks of the new Red aristocracy, along with party politicians, secret policemen, factory managers, and a few writers, actors, and painters. On gala nights, they were invited to the bulletproof opera box of Boss Rákosi to chat, meet visiting Red dignitaries, or join in at the heavily guarded private opera buffet for the Red brass.

But sugar-coating did not conceal the poison beneath. Art, Nora and Pista found, was now heavily larded with politics. The opera had acquired a Communist-party cell, a communist-youth cell, a Red-propaganda section. The top man was not the manager, but the political secretary, who as often as not was a semiliterate worker. As soon as one mellowed down in his artistic surroundings, he was shipped off to the provinces, and another rugged proletarian brought in. The secretary directed a small army of aides, agents, and informers who kept an eye on private lives and loyalties.

Terror was undisguised. "Soon after we returned to Budapest," Nora recalls, "two opera conductors, one after another, were banished to the provinces. Someone had accused them of fascist sympa-

thies. After the big fire we had at the opera house in 1952, the stage manager was charged with sabotage. We never heard of him again.

"A famous young playwright was sent to a concentration camp for two years after he got drunk and said some sharp things about the Russians. A ballerina was fired because her sister, hard up for money, had sold some family jewels to a private buyer, instead of turning them over to the state pawnshop. The sister was sent to prison for seven years."

More shocking to the two than any of these was the case of Melinda Otrubay, once a great ballerina, who had had the misfortune to marry Prince Esterhazy. When the prince was convicted, together with Cardinal Mindszenty, his beautiful wife was deported to a village.

To earn her living, she went to work in a rice field without any protective clothing. One day her legs became paralyzed, and a few days later, for lack of medical care, she died.

Fear, suspicion, and uncertainty could all perhaps have been ignored if Nora and Pista had been allowed to dance as they wished. But this was impossible. A new ballet would be rewritten half a dozen times to make it conform to the party line. Even then, choreographer and dancer were not safe. "Why didn't you show in your dancing that the gendarmes were enemies of the

people? Your gendarme looked sympathetic!"

After a successful premiere, the political secretary and the leading dancers often had to deliver speeches, thanking the party and the Russians for their blessings. But there were other occasions when Nora and Pista had to step up and denounce both the ballet in which they had just starred and their own dancing as "decadent" and "cosmopolite."

Of the incidents related to me by the pair, two, I think, played an important part in their decision to escape. One occurred in mid-1950, when Nora, dressing up after a performance at the opera, heard a commotion in the street. She looked out and saw below her the first stages of the great deportation of "undesirables."

Entire families were being loaded into police trucks; hysterical women bared their arms to show the police the numbers tattooed on them in Nazi camps; and old people were half-carried out of their homes. Nora wept, and that night she told Pista she would never again dance for a government guilty of such savagery. Some 45,000 people were deported in the next few weeks. But she had no choice but to dance on.

In 1952 came the turning point. After a premiere in which Nora and Pista starred, a party was given in their honor at the swanky Bristol hotel. Excited and happy, Nora

asked the band to play a fast jazz number and went into an electrifying parody of jitterbugging. When she finished, the audience broke into cheers. But the party secretary looked sour. Listening to his acid remarks, and watching Pista's worried face, Nora suddenly became frightened.

That night, she told Pista she could endure it no more, and wanted to flee west. Pista told her he had long had the same idea. For the first time, they spoke of the things that sickened them, and considered ways of escape. Direct escape across the Austrian border, through Soviet mine fields, was too risky. They agreed to wait until one of their tours brought them closer to the West, perhaps some place like East Berlin.

In the spring of 1953, they were summoned to the Institute of Cultural Relations and told by a muscular woman they would have to leave for East Berlin in a week. Trying to hide their excitement, they refused. As they knew she would, the woman overruled them on the spot. They left her office trembling. Their chance had come, and they were determined not to miss it.

Now, free and successful, Nora says, "For an artist, it is essential to feel free. We deal with imagination, and when you put chains on imagination, it dies."

As I listened to her, I began to see the chink in the Red armor.

How to Get Along With Your Boss

*It will pay to study him; you may
be in his shoes someday*

By JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS

Condensed from *This Week**



MOST OF US get along pretty well with our boss—we have to. Yet a recent survey of more than 2,000 Chicago office and factory employees disclosed that many of them think that relations with their employers could stand improvement.

One stenographer told University of Chicago researchers, "I'm so busy worrying about my boss's moods that I don't have time to do a good job. I wish I could understand him better!" If she could learn what makes him that way, both of them would be happier.

Efficiency experts and personnel managers have long been aware that employer-employee friction may mean trouble all over the plant. Industrial physicians are finding that many a mysterious physical disturbance can be traced to conflict with the boss.

What should you do when you have a difficult employer? Tell him off? Find another job? Take it out on your husband or wife? Or just look straight through the boss and try to pretend he isn't there?

Today, science offers a new and better way out. Dr. Eleanor Crissey, New York psychiatrist, says the best way to get along with your boss is to try to understand him. Looking below the surface, what are the emotional rewards an employer really gets out of running the works? What makes some bosses harder to work for than others?

Here are five groups with personality traits which Dr. Crissey has found that problem bosses frequently develop. She says, however, that these are extreme examples. Your boss will probably not fit into any single one of these classifications. Like yourself, he is human. More likely, you will find small traces of his faults here and there, 25% in one category, 15% in another, and perhaps 10% in a third.

1. *The over-possessive boss.* He himself puts it this way: "In our firm we are all just one big happy

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Oct. 24, 1954. Copyright 1954 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

family!" What he really means is that your working hours may be from nine to five, but you are expected to be on tap for lunch, dinner, and week ends. If you are planning to get married, he'd better approve of your choice! If you are married, your mate is expected to join the crowd.

He will steer you to his haberdasher or recommend his wife's beauty parlor, and pick out a summer camp for your child. When you buy a house, he is likely to select the neighborhood in which he thinks you should live. He means well, but he expects you to appreciate all he does for you. He often pays good salaries and provides many an "extra." But in return he demands your life!

To understand him, take a look at his own private life. Almost certainly it is empty of purpose or satisfaction. His marriage is often only a polite façade. If he has children, they are probably a disappointment to him.

Therefore, he uses his office force to create a "perfect" family. He tries to make you like it by bribing you with pay check and privilege, but in the long run he knows he can rely comfortably on his ability to hire and fire.

How can you handle him? How can you preserve a fair portion of your private life and still keep on working for him in a serene and productive manner?

This type of boss respects any-

one who has an unusual, absorbing interest. Get one. Golf, canasta, or amateur photography won't do; they are too ordinary. But if you explain that you can't come to his dinner parties because you spend all your spare time hunting wild flowers, inventing electronic gadgets, or playing laments on a 15th-century oboe you will find him very understanding. You may find that he no longer attempts to dominate you but, will even appreciate your occasional social favors. Be careful, however, not to hurt his feelings.

Key to his personality: He sees himself as the kind, wise father who knows what's good for everybody.

2. *The self-made man.* This is the man who quit school in the 10th grade, got a job at 25¢ an hour sweeping the floor or sewing on buttons in the factory, and worked up. He makes you feel ashamed of the years you frittered away in school. You wonder why he treats you with such contempt. If you argue with him, he says, "I didn't go to college; but, remember, I hire and fire college graduates!" If you quote some other authority, he says, "I got my degree in the university of hard knocks!" Soon you find yourself apologizing for having acquired an education.

The chief thing wrong with this boss is the poor opinion he has of himself. His manners, speech, and knowledge may actually be superior

to yours, but he can't prove it: he hasn't got a sheepskin. And he feels it keenly.

In dealing with this boss, always remember that he is smart, quite possibly smarter than you are! You can't butter him up with false flattery. He is quick to spot a condescending manner. Give him the respect he deserves. Even if he isn't 15 years older than you are, try calling him "Sir"! Never present opinions that begin, "Well, in college we learned it this way!"

Remember that it is fear that keeps him narrow-minded. Go slowly; he is oversensitive to criticism. One bright young man persuaded his university to give his "self-made" boss (who well deserved it) an honorary degree. His troubles were soon over! Treat this boss sympathetically.

Key to his personality: Even if he earns 20 times what you do, he is still jealous of you!

3. *The top sergeant.* He makes you feel as though you are back in school or in the army. You have a feeling that he will rap your knuckles if you come in late. Nobody tries it. He has the switchboard check all personal calls. He frowns on office friendships and interprets coffee breaks as a personal insult.

But, worst of all, he represses individuality. You get the feeling that you are not a creative worker making a contribution, but just an extension of his hand and brain.

He gets pleasure out of ridiculing your mistakes. Everybody calls him Old Sourpuss or Battle Axe.

Be glad you are not one of his family! This is probably not a firm in which you'll wish to settle down for life, but there is one big advantage here, especially for a young man or woman.

This type of boss is seldom able to build a staff full of brains and ability. You won't have much competition. You can learn fast, perform a variety of tasks, get excellent experience, and then go somewhere else. Meanwhile, do your work well and thoroughly but resign yourself to the fact that he may find something wrong with it.

Key to his personality: He is terribly anxious about his own future and puts the pressure on you in order to take some of it off himself.

4. *The first-namer.* "Just call me Eddie," he says, pumping your hand on the first day you come to work. You notice that everyone does call him Eddie, even the office boy. There is a lot of loud, jovial camaraderie between him and the staff. The atmosphere is very democratic, and at first you think this is swell.

Unfortunately, this boss is so eager to stay friendly with everyone that he can't run his business by the usual methods of dishing out praise and criticism, giving directions, making suggestions, arguing things out.

Instead, you may find that his office is run by whisper, rumor, and talebearing. Underneath the conviviality, the determined smile, the cheery "Good morning!" there is a terrible, strained anxiety.

Today you hear you are the favorite; tomorrow you are on the skids; the next day you're back on an even keel again; and all the time the boss is sitting on the edge of your desk, telling you to use your own judgment, but all the time refusing to look you straight in the eye.

"For gosh sake," you want to say, "square away, will you? Where do I stand?"

He won't tell you. The truth is that he doesn't really want you to call him by his first name, nor to take advantage of any of the other phony democratic gestures he is always making. He gets secretly angry when you do.

Even if he says it's no use stirring things up until 10, get to work on time. Don't agree too heartily when he says, "Now, Mary, you know this end of the business better than I do!" You don't know more about it, and he's quite well aware of it. Above all, don't forget for a minute that he is the boss and has a perfect right to the final word.

Key to his personality: He pretends a friendship and equality that he doesn't feel. In truth, he usually has a most offensive feeling of superiority.

5. *The human dynamo.* He puts

in ten or 12 hours a day at his desk. Even while he's waltzing around a dance floor or splashing in a swimming pool he is thinking about his business. He has a tremendous capacity for overwork. He wants the biggest house, the longest, blackest limousine, and the prettiest wife you've ever seen.

After a day spent with him you go home feeling exhausted, driven, and despairing. You'll never be able to keep up with him—the man's not human!

He wants people to notice him, to ask, "How do you do it?" He is contemptuous of low-salaried, unimportant people. He is a social climber.

He can't enjoy simple pleasures, and is always frantic for fear his luck will change and he'll lose his money. Without money, he feels, he would be a nobody.

This is one boss you can safely flatter outrageously. He is as vain as a peacock and is so fiercely competitive he has lost all perspective on himself.

You need not be afraid to stand up to him if you feel you are right. He can take criticism; just be careful not to make it public.

Key to his personality: He must be the whirlwind boss; it is the only way he knows to bolster his own self-esteem.

"If you can get sufficient insight into your employer's personality," says Dr. Crissey, "he, or she, will no longer be able to upset you.

You'll soon see that the behavior you find so irritating has little to do with your working relationship but is merely an expression of the boss's own inner problems.

"Remember, too," she cautions, "that your boss may be the best in the world, but still, under heavy stress, react like one of the types discussed. His office behavior in this case may be the temporary result of pressure from his wife, children, business upsets, or his ulcers."

Nor is your boss necessarily to blame if you're unhappy at your job. Some employees, too, are very difficult to please. Look at what happened last year to the benevolent Dallas industrialist who hired a young assistant. According to a

Southwestern trade publication report, this boss gave the new employee a house rent-free, the use of his golf club and private swimming pool, promised him a whopping annual bonus, and settled him in a completely redecorated, air-conditioned office.

The bright young man sat at his desk shuffling papers for an uneasy six months, and then he told his boss, "You're so good to me I can't stand it!" And he quit.

Even if you are fortunate enough to have a boss who is kind and generous and bears no resemblance to any of the five employer types discussed above, hang on to this article. You, too, may be a boss someday!



How Your Church Can Raise Money



Our parish church, the Maternity of Mary, in St. Paul, Minn., recently held a cake sale. This sale was unusual, however, because it enlisted the services of the near-by supermarket.

A box of cake mix and a name plate were distributed without charge by the manager of the supermarket to parish women willing to compete in a cake contest. A date was set, and the store remained open late in the evening while the parish women accepted the cake entries. The follow-

ing morning, the cakes were judged at the store.

The fanciest among the cakes and the cakes with the most unusual decorations were awarded prizes of ribbons and merchandise certificates by the supermarket. Then the cakes were offered for public sale.

At the end of the day, all cakes were sold. The church women who worked at the cake counter counted up \$931, all for the church. The supermarket accepted nothing, but the manager knows that he has promoted a new idea in effective public relations.

Maureen Reiners.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

THE COVER PAINTING

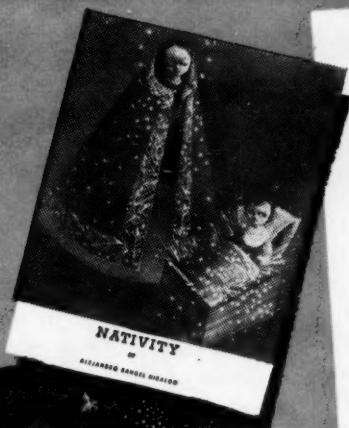
I took the print of the *Annunciation* to the head artist of a large publishing firm and he declared it perfectly beautiful. He suggested framing it in a white shadow-box-type frame set up immediately against the blue.

Then I received the *Nativity* reproduction. It is enchanting. In fact, both prints are so beautiful that I get goose bumps looking at them.

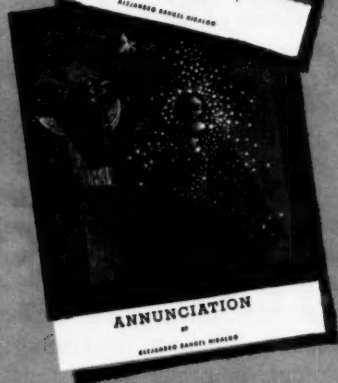
Would you like to know the most recent developments? I went back to the artist with the new prints and upon seeing the *Nativity* he was doubly enthusiastic. Then he began to ask me questions about the wall background color in my room, and upon disavowing that it was a dark color he changed his mind covering that it was a dark color he changed his mind about the white shadow-box frame set up against the blue. He suggested that the prints be placed on a gray-white mat with a two or three-inch margin of the mat appearing, and framed in a narrow pickled-line oak frame. He said the white shadow-box framing, without mat, would be good on a light wall background.

In his estimation, the picture is the important thing, and should be shown off to its best advantage. Whichever type of framing will accomplish that, that is the type of framing to have. Either of these two suggestions should produce a suitable frame for these lovely pictures of our Lady, to whom I am grateful for many favors, and I feel that she deserves the best treatment possible.

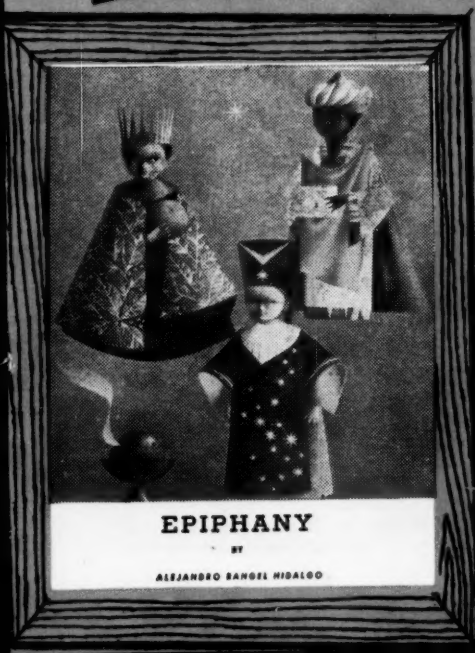
(Mrs.) Mildred Marsalek



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BY
ALEJANDRO RANGEL HIDALGO



ANNUNCIATION
BY
ALEJANDRO RANGEL HIDALGO



EPIPHANY
BY
ALEJANDRO RANGEL HIDALGO

This cover of the *Epiphany* on the January CATHOLIC DIGEST has been reproduced in four colors from the original painting by Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo, as have the *Annunciation* and the *Nativity*. This is the third in the series of his paintings. It is full-size, 15½" by 21", suitable for framing. Use the convenient blank to order your copies.

**Catholic Digest, Dept. B, 41 E. 8th St.
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Send me.....copies of *Nativity* (\$1 each).
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A Thought for New Readers

By JIM BISHOP

Editor, Catholic Digest Book Club

FROM 20,000 feet up, man seems almost nonexistent. It requires better than 20-20 vision to see him. He is there, and you know that he is there, because his works are everywhere, from horizon to horizon. But you cannot see him, and you are led to marvel at the insignificance of his body and the enormity of his mind.

The broad lemon-colored highways below are his work. The ant-like cars on them are his, too. So is every barn, silo, home, store, filling station, radio tower, and, looking in the other direction, every skyscraper, electric sign, window, street, spire, hospital, theater, and even cemetery. The plane you are in is another of his works.

Man's works are much bigger than man. He races toward the stars while he creeps toward the grave. There are more insects than men, and they are much more industrious. The reason why they have not overpowered man is that they cannot reason. Only man, created in God's image and likeness, was given the power to think, dream, build. Perhaps LeComte du Noüy said it best when he pointed out that a flock of hens cross a highway, and some are killed, but

that the survivors cannot impart this knowledge of danger to their offspring—that a year from now a new generation of chickens will be killed crossing the same highway.

Most of us, if we had a choice, would be teachers rather than students. We resist learning. It is much more pleasant to impart knowledge than to acquire it. Yet, there is no duty incumbent upon the American Catholic, next to a knowledge of his faith, that is more important than learning. He must strive to know all about everything, even though common sense tells him that he will end his days, at best, knowing only a little bit about many things.

That is why the new Catholic Digest Book Club is addressed to adult Catholics. Whatever the Sisters, the teaching Brothers, the priests, could teach you has been taught. You have now reached a stage of development where your knowledge is acquired from daily newspapers; from weekly diocesan newspapers; from *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, Catholic magazines; from motion pictures, television, and radio.

Somebody forgot books. These, without argument, are the most

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important of all, because from books we get knowledge in self-regulated doses. You can't stop a motion picture, or a television program, while you try to digest a part of it. You can pause in reading a book, to say: "Now just a moment. Let me think about this. . . ."

Almost the whole sum of human knowledge is no farther away than your town library. There, the minds of the world's greatest thinkers rub covers with the world's poorest. Man's minor triumphs and major disasters are detailed in catalogue cards.

Newspapers confine their interest to the day. Magazines are imprisoned by this week or this month. Only books are timeless. Only books can recreate a Columbus, a Da Vinci, an Aristotle. Scores of millions of Americans rob themselves of *interesting* and *entertaining* knowledge by saying, "Frankly, I don't have time for books. I wish I had." What they really mean is: "Books are dull. They make me think."

The indictment isn't true. Books will not make a dolt think. Most good books are written in layers of intelligence. A child, reading a good book, will not finish it with the same knowledge his father will get from it. And the average father will glean less than the poorest philosopher. The goal in all reading should be to broaden one's horizons, to make one's mind bigger, better.

The librarian in Sauk Center can probably give you a better idea of the physical appearance of a city like Rome, and its people and its customs, than an ignorant Roman native. She has read about Rome and thought about it; the native has lived in it without even seeing it.

The Board of Editors of the Catholic Digest Book Club is composed of priests and laymen. This makes for good balance, because the laymen tend to choose books of wide general interest; the priests keep the laymen from picking books with no spiritual vitamins at all.

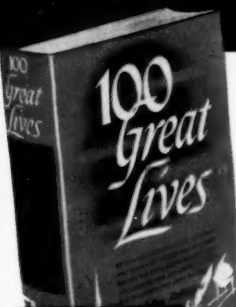
There is another thing about books, which Father Francis B. Thornton wrote several years ago: "There is a monetary value in books. If, in rubbing elbows with the great personalities and thoughts of literature, history and science, you have developed as far as possible your sense, imagination, and thinking power, you will be much less at the mercy of life or circumstances than the average man is; you will have more intellectual capital to live on contentedly. Above all, you will understand how your job touches every other thing."

Just a thought—from 20,000 feet up.

P. S. For anyone who has not joined the Catholic Digest Book Club, and wants to, a coupon on the back cover of this issue will explain everything.

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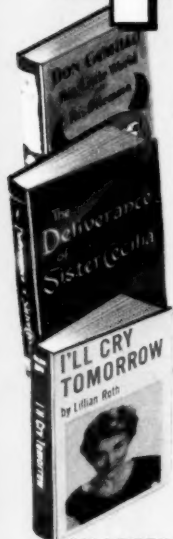
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